

The American LEGION

M A G A Z I N E

DECEMBER

1937



I SAW THREE SHIPS COME SAILING IN ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING

Gillette Aristocrat Package (No. 5) contains new \$4 Gillette Aristocrat one-piece 24 kt. gold-plated razor and shell with 10 Gillette Blades. Also 20 additional blades in special container and a large tube Gillette Brushless Shaving Cream. \$5.00.



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FOR HIS Christmas this year get him—any "him" old enough to raise a beard and wield a razor—one of Gillette's brilliantly styled Gift Sets. You can shop for hours on end without finding an inexpensive present that will be more welcome!

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There are six fine Gillette shaving kits, priced from 98¢ to \$7.23. Each includes a handsome, gold-plated Gillette Razor and a generous supply of super-keen Gillette Blades. All but one also contain a full-sized tube or two of Gillette's amazing new Brushless Shaving Cream.

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Dealers now have Gillette Gift Sets in gay packages. Make your selections while assortments are complete. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston.

Gillette

GIFT SETS

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PROOF

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For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

DECEMBER, 1937

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★ VISITING soldier hospitals is no new experience to Elsie Janis. As in 1937 (see "Pass It On" in this issue), so in 1918. For the photo shown herewith we are indebted to Legionnaire Robert H. Thomas of Sanford, North Carolina, who is none other than the patient himself.



SANFORD writes: "On Sunday, September 8, 1918, my company—B of the 120th Infantry, Thirtieth Division—was advancing toward the Hindenburg Line when I was hit by shrapnel. Two days later I was transferred to a hospital in Dover, England, and then to Base 37 at Dartford, where I stayed several months. President Wilson, Secretary of War Baker and other notables visited us while I was there, and Elsie Janis came to see us frequently, and often sang, danced, and told jokes. One morning she asked which one of us would like to have his picture taken with her.

"Not being at all bashful, I sang out, 'Come on over, sister, and let's

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IMPORTANT

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 62. In notifying the Indianapolis address be sure to include the old address as well as the new and don't forget the number of your Post and name of Department. Allow five weeks for change to become operative. An issue already mailed to old address will not be forwarded by post office unless subscriber sends extra postage to post office. Notifying this office well in advance of impending address change will obviate this expense.

make it here!" She smiled appreciatively and came over to my bed and posed. Eventually the picture appeared in a London paper and later in the *New York Times*."

WHO said the New York National Convention was over? Not a day has gone by since the fall of the final gavel without one or more Legion caps being in evidence on Fifth Avenue. The answer, of course, is the return from the French-Italian pilgrimage. That return is likely to continue for some time yet.

A COUPLE of years ago Fairfax Downey made a jaunt to Mexico and reported on the Legion there. Now he is just back from Sweden with an account of the activities of Stockholm Post. It gives the home-grown Legionnaire a pleasant and comfortable feeling to realize that, the world around, there are little islands of Legiondom where any of us could feel right at home. This ought to be especially true in Sweden, particularly as far as the inner man is concerned, because they begin their meals with a tableful of smörgåsbord (spelling not guaranteed, but hors d'oeuvres or snacks to us) which is six or seven meals in itself. When that is out of the way they get down to the really serious business of eating.

PETER B. KYNE returns to this issue with a sea story that is admirable proof of his versatility. That man seems to be at home anywhere—or else he just puts in a lot of hard work and doesn't begin setting one little word after another until he knows just what words he wants.

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GREETINGS



RINGING IN HEALTH...

and protection against tuberculosis



BUY and USE them

THE 1937 CHRISTMAS SEALS

THE NATIONAL, STATE, AND LOCAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES

MASTER MARINER

By

PETER
B. KYNE

Illustrations

by

DAN CONTENT



WHEN Jim Brandon, master of the ten-thousand-ton freighter *Oriole*, laid his vessel alongside his company's dock at Astoria, the agent came out of the dock office and shouted up to him:

"Hi, skipper! I see you've been picking up weather reports."

The *Oriole* had loaded lumber up on the Columbia River and was outward bound; so the agent knew that dirty weather must be the excuse for her halt at Astoria.

"I can see storm signals flying from the flagpole on the roof of the Weather Bureau uptown and my barometer's down to 28.40. So I'm not crossing out today," Brandon replied.

"Man, it's dusty off the bar. The master of our *Phalarope* radioed me to get the latest weather report on Columbia River bar for him, so I telephoned the office of the Columbia Bar Pilots' Association. One of them brought a Blue Funnel liner in this morning and he told me that if he had suspected, when he started across the bar, that he'd meet fifty-foot seas and that the wind would blow in gusts as high as seventy miles an hour, he would never have risked it. I reported to the *Phalarope* so she's lying off the entrance waiting for this sou'easter to abate."

When the lines were fast Brandon came down to the dock office and telephoned Groat & Hillman, his managing owners, in San Francisco. He asked for Hillman



"I can't bring her around, sir. She's back on the course she was steering"

and was informed that the latter was home ill and had been for the past ten days; so the private exchange operator switched him on to young Mr. Groat, who upon the death of his father had taken the latter's place in the company. Jim Brandon had not been long enough in Groat & Hillman's employ to know young

Mr. Groat very well, and from what he had heard he had a suspicion he was not going to relish knowing him. He was certain of this when a sharp voice barked:

"Well, well, well, who is it?"

"Captain Brandon, of the *Oriole*, telephoning you from Astoria, sir. I dropped in from up river a few minutes ago and discover the weather here is such that I cannot cross out with safety. Knowing your anxiety to get me to San Francisco and out of there with the remainder of my cargo before the twentieth I concluded to telephone and tell you that if this weather doesn't abate within two days I will be unable to conform to your schedule."

"What do you mean?"

Brandon thought he had been explicit, but he replied patiently, "I'm bar-bound at Astoria."

"Bar-bound at Astoria!" young Groat shrilled. "Why, who ever heard of such a thing? I understand vessels used to be bar-bound there in very bad weather, but since the Government built the jetties the channel doesn't shift in a storm and the seas are moderate."

"The channel doesn't shift and shoal as badly as it used to, Mr. Groat, but nevertheless the Hydrographic Office issued more notices of changes of buoys in the channel leading out over Columbia River bar than for any other area."

"What's the matter with you?" young Groat shrilled impudently. "Can't you take it?"

"I can, but the *Oriole* can't, and I'll tell you why. I was ordered to load a full cargo of fir lumber at Knappton, for New York. When I got to the mill dock I discovered all of my cargo was not out—and the next day a local strike shut the mill down. When I reported this to your office I received a radio instruction to load that portion of the cargo ready for me, but not to put any lumber under the forward well deck, because arrangements had been made to have me touch in at San Francisco on my way to New York and there load a thousand tons of general cargo. I—"

"Yes, yes, that is quite right, captain. I issued those instructions."

"I thought perhaps you had, Mr. Groat. They didn't read like instructions that would emanate from an old, experienced operator like Mr. Hillman." Jim Brandon couldn't help hurling that verbal shaft and he waited pleasantly for evidence that it had sunk home. In the silence that followed he realized it had. He continued: "As a result of obeying those orders the *Oriole* has her usual complement of rough, heavy green fir stowed above and below the after well deck, but only above on the forward well

deck. Naturally the ship went up by the head and down by the stern—and in order to keep her head down as much as possible I have a forward deckload of lumber sixteen feet high. Naturally I had to keep the hatches clear so I could remove them to take on that general cargo, so my forward deck load is in two sections, to starboard and to port of the hatch coamings. I have shored up this bifurcated cargo as best I can, but such a deckload is very hard to lash. I feel confident it will ride safely in ordinary weather, but if I tackle Columbia River bar today I risk losing it, because it just isn't humanly possible for me to cross out without taking green water over that deckload."

"The cargo is insured," young Groat replied lightly.

"My life is insured, too, but I am not at all certain the lives of the remainder of the *Oriole's* crew of thirty-eight are insured. Please listen carefully, Mr. Groat. My ship is down nine feet below her load line aft and up six feet above her load line forward. She handled all right in the river but I know she'll be cranky in a seaway. When she was built she could do eleven

knots. But that was fifteen years ago and on her last inspection the inspectors cut her steam pressure down to a point where she'll do nine. The chief reports she should have been in the shop for a general overhaul six months ago. The tubes in all her boilers should be drawn; they are all leaking and he has cut Number Four boiler out. So the vessel's power is down. She'll do eight knots this voyage. Now, I can probably get out to the outer buoy safely, but—if I lose the forward deckload her bow will come up until her forefoot shows and she'll be riding on her tail. With her bow so high out of water and presenting so much flat surface to a gale that blows, in gusts, as high as seventy miles an hour, do you know what will happen?"

"You tell me," Groat urged insolently.

"I will be unable to round the outer buoy and turn south. The ship will fall off, out of control, before that wind, and pile up on Peacock Spit or the North Jetty. Personally, I should not expect to come home from Peacock Spit."

"The trouble with you, Brandon," Groat replied, "is that you can't take it. I told Mr. Hillman, when he insisted on giving you the *Oriole*, that he was making a mistake handing over a freighter to a man who had been raised in passenger ships. Such skippers are too conservative."

The lid blew off Jim Brandon's temper at that. "I daresay the aged and experienced Mr. Hillman was highly edified at your lecture, you impudent squirt."

"What's that, what's that? How dare you?"

"I said you are an impudent squirt. You are. Also you are a very stupid squirt. And I'll terminate this conversation by informing you that I shall not take the *Oriole* out until, in my judgment, it is reasonably safe to do so."

"I order you to take her out today. Damn the weather. The *Oriole* was taking everything Columbia River bar had to offer long before you hung up your ticket in her pilot house. She's got to be loaded and out of here by the twentieth, because there's going to be a strike of the Maritime Federation and she must be at sea before that strike is declared. If her West Coast crew walks off at New York we can ship an East Coast crew to get her back—and by that time the strike here may be settled."

"Nothing doing. I'll not risk my life, the lives of my crew or my ticket to build you up, in your own mind, as a brilliant operator. If Mr. Hillman knew what you are up to he would veto that crazy order."

"You will take the *Oriole* out within half an hour or I'll find a man who will."

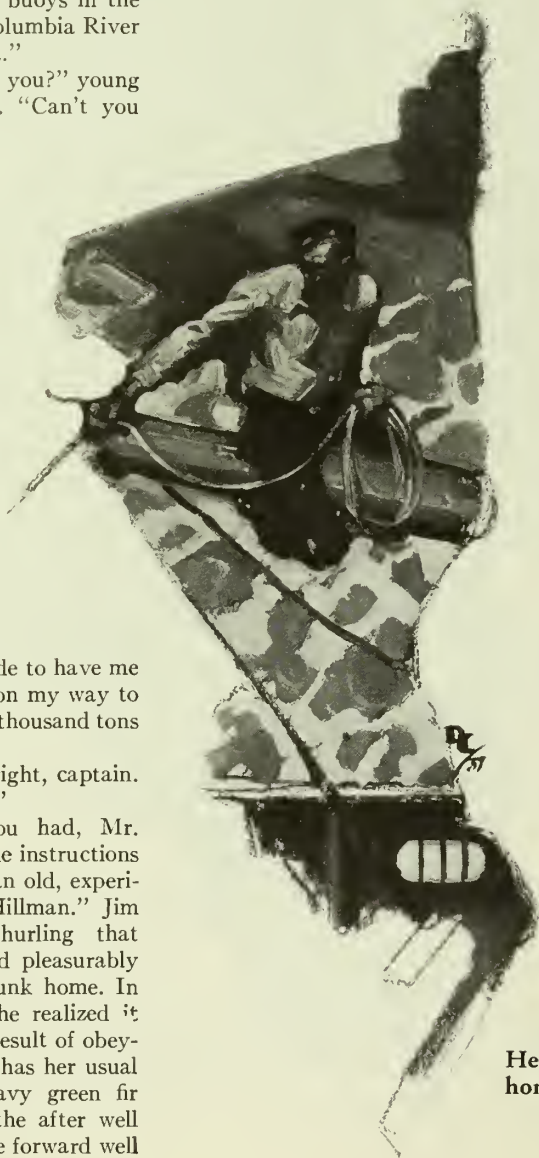
"Good. Now we're out in the open. I resign, my resignation to take effect the moment my successor comes aboard."

He hung up and glared across the desk at the agent, who said: "I'm sorry you've lost your berth."

"Oh, I haven't lost it,"

Brandon replied lightly.

"Young Groat has merely gone hog wild with power,



He hauled the line home as he went along



"Miss Minturn," the old man asked, "is the business of Groat & Hillman very profitable or only moderately so?"

the old man's home ill and the brat's wearing his authority like a horse wears a blanket. He may get me out of the *Oriole*, but he'll have the devil of a time keeping me out. Mr. Hillman's a fair man. He'll see that justice is done me."

"If that Groat had the brains of a dicky bird he'd know that a competent skipper isn't picked up and given command of a ten-thousand-ton freighter on ten minutes' notice. He probably will be two days finding your successor, and two days longer getting him up here. And the bar may be down and this sou'easter blown out within twenty-four hours, when you'll cross out. He's wasting time when he wants to save it."

Jim Brandon sighed, remarked that it might be a good idea if he went aboard

and got his accounts in shape for his successor, and departed accordingly. His first action, however, was to radio his resignation. Within an hour Sparks brought him a reply. It read:

Brandon, Master S. S. *Oriole*, Astoria, Oregon.

Your resignation received and accepted. Hedstrom, master our steam schooner *Oregonian* now loading en route to Astoria by airplane to relieve you.

GROAT & HILLMAN

An hour later Brandon saw an amphibian plane come down in the harbor and taxi in to the float at the tugboat company's dock. Shortly thereafter a rugged Viking about forty years of age came to Brandon's stateroom door and

said: "I'm Hedstrom. Have the owners radioed you that I'm to relieve you?"

"They have, Captain Hedstrom. I resigned rather than take the *Oriole* out in this weather."

"When you're as old as I am, married, and the father of five children you won't ride such a high horse, Captain Brandon. I wish I could refuse to take her out. I saw, when I landed near here in the plane, that she's badly out of trim. Only two-thirds of a deckload forward and nothing under deck, eh?"

Jim Brandon nodded.

"Well, she'll be taking green water over her nose long before we hit the bar proper, and that will put about five hundred tons of water down on her well deck, between those two towering walls of lumber. It'll

Coming up on the weather bow of the doomed Oriole was a big bar tug. Perhaps . . .



stay there because it will come in faster than it can run off. That'll put her head down several feet and she'll handle easier and I'll get by."

"I hope so," Brandon replied coldly. "You're taking a big risk and you seem to realize it."

"I've been running in steam schooners all my years on this coast, and steam schooner men have to take chances. This is a promotion for me. Means a hundred dollars a month more salary—and I have five little squareheads and a mortgage on my home. I hope," Hedstrom added suddenly, "you haven't put the crew up to walking out on me."

"I'm not that sort. I have told the mates and I have told the bo'sun exactly why I have resigned rather than accept

the responsibility of obeying an order that should never have been issued. And I've told the chief and he's told his gang. I'm not their keeper. If they care to take a chance it's no affair of mine."

"Thanks. Men often resent the fellow who takes over their job. Sorry you've lost. Glad I've won."

He held out his hand and Jim Brandon shook it heartily. "Good luck to you," he added.

"Thanks. I suppose you'll return to San Francisco."

Brandon nodded.

"Thought so. The *Oregonian* will be here from up river tomorrow night and I can save you the price of a railroad fare to San Francisco if you care to occupy a stateroom on her. She has limited pas-

senger accommodations. My old mate is in command and I'll radio him to telephone you when he docks here, pick you up and dead-head you back to San Francisco. It's a courtesy you're entitled to."

"Thanks. I'll be glad to accept. Tell him to telephone me at the Astoria House."

The steward carried his gear ashore and the agent telephoned for a taxi to come and carry him up town.

IN THE privacy of his room at the Astoria House, Captain Brandon sat down to review recent events. He was far from sure now that a reinstatement in his job was possible, particularly if Hedstrom should manage to pass out safely. Merely because old Hillman had insisted upon



giving him the *Oriole* was no reason why the decent old soul should quarrel with his youthful partner over a mere master mariner. The beach was strewn with master mariners. And the fact that young Groat had been insulting was no excuse for the sort of language Jim Brandon had employed. That outburst to his owner indicated a lack of discipline.

He concluded, finally, that he was out of the employ of Groat & Hillman forever. Hedstrom was senior to him in the employ and he wondered now why the latter had not been given the *Oriole* instead of him. The man was capable, for he had seen at a glance something that had escaped Jim Brandon's vision—i.e., that space between the two sections of the forward deckload that must fill with

water and bear the head of the vessel down several feet, thus making her easier to handle and offering less exposed flat surface to the gale when the *Oriole* came to round the outer buoy and turn south. Brandon cursed himself for not having thought of this.

It was something the wretched Groat could and doubtless would throw up to him and old Hillman to illustrate Brandon's incapacity as a master mariner and justify his own wisdom in summarily removing the latter from command.

"Those Scandinavian skippers will all take a chance," he ground out, "and they're all smeared with Swede luck. Hedstrom will probably do successfully what I feared to do, but— he'll need all of the luck of all the Swedes that ever

sailed the seas to do it."

He switched his thoughts from the *Oriole* and Hedstrom and Groat to Mary Minturn, the girl he was engaged to marry. Miss Minturn was the cashier in Groat & Hillman's office; he had met her when he was mate on an Admiral Line steamer running between San Francisco and Seattle. He could see her then at least twice a month and sometimes three times . . . naturally he had had to work fast. Mary was the daughter of a Groat & Hillman shipmaster who had been lost at sea . . . old Hillman thought a great deal of Mary . . . Brandon had a suspicion her recommendation of him had had considerable weight with old Hillman. Just before sailing from San Francisco on his present voyage he had informed Hillman of his engagement and the kindly old man had said: "That means Miss Minturn will have to break in her successor. Well, the *Oriole* will lay up here for a general overhaul after completion of this voyage, so you may take two weeks off on salary then for your honeymoon." Then he had smiled slyly and added: "Groat & Hillman prefer married skippers. They're not so liable to go adrift when they have an anchor down!"

Well (Brandon reflected) their marriage would have to be delayed now. If he had felt it fair to her to marry

her on chief mate's salary they would have been married long ago. But he was not going back to a chief mate's berth. Not much. He had been a captain and he would never slip back . . . he hoped Mary would understand and agree to a postponement. Surely she must realize how much it hurt him to ask this. To keep his mind off these painful cogitations he started unpacking his suitcases.

ABOUT forty minutes after Jim Brandon's taxi had rolled out the dock entrance, another taxi rolled in and up to the foot of the *Oriole's* gangplank. From it two women emerged and when the steward of the *Oriole* saw the driver unloading hand luggage he came down on the dock. "You (Continued on page 46)

PILGRIMS - but

By Alexander



FOR the third time in twenty years an American army early this fall captured the Republic of France, invested her chief city of Paris, and spread out by railroad and automobile to her farthest provinces.

As in 1927, when some 20,000 returned to cement ancient bonds of friendship which two million men-at-arms had ten years earlier convincingly renewed in the stress of battle, these 1937 pilgrims were members of The American Legion, with their kinfolk. Though this year's Legion travelers numbered scarcely more than a fourth of the 1927 group, who were in Paris for a National Convention, the Republic made them welcome with open-handed generosity, officially and informally through its citizens in hundreds of towns and villages, joined them in honoring their wartime chief, General John J. Pershing, and with him those who served under him, through dedication of two beautifully inspiring monuments, and bade them bon voyage and come again. All of the 5200 pilgrims received lodging and meals free during a six-day period in France, a magnificent gesture of hospitality quite without precedent.

Italy, partner with France in inviting the 1937 pilgrims, inevitably saw fewer of them, partly because of her geographic situation but more especially because two million Yanks could say to the French at the end of the war, "We have eaten your bread and salt," as against only a few thousand who served in Italy. At that, excepting France, probably more Legionnaires visited Italy than went to other countries of Europe. The American Express Company sold 2800 tours



National Commander Daniel J. Doherty rekindles the flame at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier following the Legion parade in Paris



Looking toward the speakers' platform during the dedication at Versailles of the Pershing and Lafayette statues

NOT STRANGERS

Gardiner



General Harbord speaking at the Aisne-Marne Memorial dedication at Château-Thierry. Above, the two sides of the official French medal commemorating the pilgrimage



to various sections of the Continent and to England. It will be a long time before complete returns on who visited where are available, for some of the pilgrims won't be back in America until next spring.

It was a sentimental pilgrimage, this postlude to the greatest ever National Convention of the Legion in New York City. For in the soil of France, under the beautiful marble crosses a grateful America has erected, lie thousands of those whom we knew as buddies, men we should have been proud to hail as fellow Legionnaires. They died for America, and for us. As the great Aisne-Marne Memorial at Château-Thierry puts it, "Time will not dim the glory of their deeds."

The pilgrimage also marked a reaffirmation by the Legion and the nation it represents of America's belief in democracy, that government of the people, by the people and for the people must not perish from the earth. General Pershing said it in words that everybody could understand in his address at Versailles, and National Commander Daniel J. Doherty in all his addresses on French and English soil emphasized the essential solidarity of the democratic nations in the effort to bring about peace on earth.

Said the General at the close of his Versailles address, speaking directly to President Lebrun of France: "Here in the presence of so many of my countrymen, in the midst of our friends, the French people, I wish to express my firm conviction, Monsieur le Président, that the three great democracies of France,

Great Britain and the United States will not only endure but will lead the way for all others as mankind marches forward to progress in peace and righteousness."

The pilgrims tasted the flavor of Paris life and found it good. The great sidewalk cafés of the Boulevards and the Champs Elysées appealed to them, the Métro subway they found excellent, the Exposition was a delight, and taxicab dodging something of a thrill. They gloried in the architectural delights of the Madeleine, Sacré Coeur and Notre Dame, rubbernecked at the Eiffel Tower, got their letters from home and changed their money at the American Express Company's office, and found Pershing Hall the heart of American Paris.

The President of the Republic, Albert Lebrun, her greatest living soldier, Marshal Henri Pétain, the well-beloved



In the van of the great parade at Paris, Commander Doherty and Generals Vincensini and Gouraud



The Legion march at Rome as Past National Commander Colmery prepared to lay a wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier

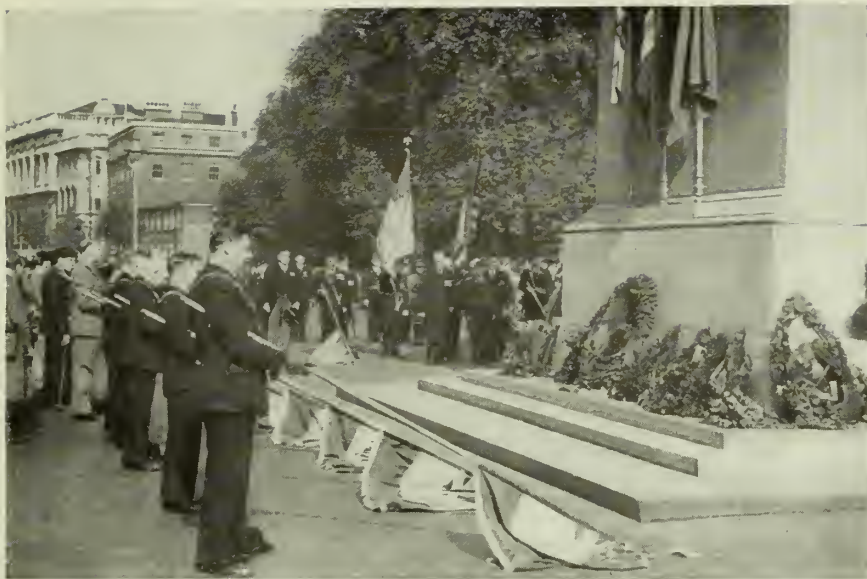
General Gouraud and everybody that is anybody in France contributed to the thunderous welcome accorded National Commander Doherty, his immediate predecessor, Harry W. Colmery, and on down to the youngest pilgrims who knew nothing of the significance of what was being done but realized it was something quite out of the ordinary. At Versailles, where Franco-American friendship got its start in 1777 and where both nations were partners in great proceedings in 1783 and in 1919, France dedicated the model of a splendid equestrian statue of General Pershing which faces, across a main highway, a copy of the celebrated statue of Lafayette in the Louvre.

Near Château-Thierry, where in May and June of 1918 the American Army stopped the great German thrust from the Aisne to the Marne and in a month and a half of virtually continuous fighting set the stage with the French for



operations in which the Allies took the initiative of battle that never afterward passed to the foe, the pilgrims had the major share of honors as the Aisne-Marne War Memorial raised under the

Pilgrims passing through Belleau Wood on their way to the American Cemetery. A tour of battlefields and cemeteries was made available to everybody



The National Commander steps back after laying a wreath at the Cenotaph in London

an institution that goes back to 1670 and Louis the Fourteenth, and where the great Napoleon and Marshal Foch sleep the long sleep, four thousand of the pilgrims were given a luncheon in the famous Court of Honor, and Marshal Pétain, on behalf of the Republic of France, made Daniel J. Doherty a Commander of the Legion of Honor and four other members of The American Legion members of that select society founded by Napoleon the First. The food was superb, the music by a French military band and the Miami Drum and Bugle Corps was all to the good, and the wines provided were the



Commander Doherty, Marshal Pétain and General Pershing at the Versailles exercises



A Legion group arrives for a tour of a battlefield not unknown to fame. After that, the Argonne

sort that make the heart to sing. Everybody was welcome, and everything free, as the wartime slogan ran.

These three occasions were the highlights of the 1937 Pilgrimage, but who shall say they were the most important things? Where sleep the brave in American cemeteries in France, Belgium, Italy

and England hundreds and thousands knelt in reverent pride that those who paid the great price did not die in vain,

that the democracy so dearly saved in 1918 is as vital now as it was then in France, Britain and the United States. France does not forget the American doughboy of 1918—when last Fourth of July, a national committee headed by Marshal Pétain asked for contributions toward the cost of the Lafayette-Pershing Memorial at Versailles, all of the 36,000 villages in the nation contributed, and the bulk of the money raised was in the humbler denominations.

Before the great New York convention was over, the first of the pilgrims got away for Europe aboard the Cunard Liner *Queen Mary*, followed twelve hours later by the North German Lloyd's *Bremen*. The first vessel to leave after the convention was the *Washington* of the United States Lines, flagship of the pilgrimage, carrying Daniel J. Doherty, who eight hours before had been elected

National Commander, and 678 other members of the great Legion family. Virtually every day thereafter some vessel sailed with a quota of pilgrims, up to October first. One of the largest Legion delegations was the 800 who sailed on the *Rex* of the Italian Line, headed by Past National Commander Colmery, with Phil Conley, National Vice-Commander, Chairman Philip W. Collins and Vincent M. Miles of the Pilgrimage Committee, Pilgrimage Director James P. Ringley, Legislative Director John Thomas Taylor, and Past National Vice Commander Salvatore A. (Cappy) Capodice, also aboard. The *Rex* group split up on arrival at Naples, a few of them reaching Paris on the morning of the Versailles celebration, nearly 500 of them making it in time for the Château-Thierry exercises, and some 300 missing all of the official activities but none of the hospitality otherwise offered by the French.

National Commander Doherty and the rest of the (Continued on page 56)

Stockholm Post puts on a spread and invites the ladies. Post Commander Leonard Bellander is seated third from the right, directly beneath the Stars and Stripes. Post Adjutant H. Alwert is tucked away in the left-hand corner. On opposite page, the heart of Stockholm as seen from the air

A BUGLE in the barracks across the harbor blew reveille in Swedish. It sounds grand in any language to a former soldier who doesn't have to do anything about it. I half opened one eye and it was light, but it's light late at night and very early in the morning in Stockholm, with the midnight sun of summer working overtime. I went back to pounding the ear again. Then—*bang! bang! bang!*—something pounded it harder yet.

My window framed three warships steaming into port, paying their respects to Sweden with thunderous salutes, port



SKOAL,

By Fairfax Downey

and starboard. Is there any spectacle more stirring? Well, a battery of field artillery galloping into position, unlimbering and going into action has its points for some of us, but we needn't argue, sailor. These cruisers were Britishers, good friends of the Swedes nowadays. They kept banging away through twenty-one guns. It seemed to be time to get up.

Thus turned out, this one-man unit marched down the waterfront street of Skeppsbron. Cadenced steps rang out behind me and I automatically gave way to the right, though left-hand traffic is the rule. Somebody sounded off with *hep-hep* or whatever the word is the Swedes have for it. A squad swung by in snappy blue uniforms and as fine, spiked, German-type helmets as you could have wished to souvenir twenty years ago. The German army stamped its influence here as all over the rest of Europe. At the gates of the Royal Palace the squad relieved the guard. It took me back. I could imagine the new sentry repeating that he was to walk his post in a military manner, keeping always on

the alert, even if the King was away in the south playing a spirited, seventy-nine-year-old game of tennis.

The traffic thickened, especially with bicycles—more than I ever saw in my life. Wartime gasoline at about \$10 a quart, more or less, and also the depression started the Swedes wheeling. Their army has a good cyclist corps, by the way.

I PASSED statues of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII, two of the fightingest soldier-kings any nation ever had. Further along was a bust of Captain John Ericsson, the Swedish soldier and engineer who developed the screw propeller and built for the United States that "cheese box on a raft" named the *Monitor* whose defeat of the Confederate ironclad, *Merrimac*, was a crucial episode in our Civil War.

A hike of blocks down a street called Birger Jarls gatan in honor of the viking

who founded Stockholm brought me to my destination, a flourishing café. It is owned by the Commander of Stockholm Post of The American Legion. No, that isn't why he was elected. He was a man well qualified for the job.

A barmaid, for in Sweden as elsewhere in Europe the hand that rocks the cradle taps the beer, ushered me into the office of the boss. Leonard A. Bellander, ex-sergeant of Engineers, 85th Division, made me welcome.

"Have a beer?" he invited. He insisted his English was a bit rusty, but I understood him perfectly. "Ja," I accepted in perfect Swedish. "Skoall" hailed my host, which has been the Scandinavian toast since vikings hoisted horns of mead and ale. I wished him the same, and another Legion reunion was on.

Bellander told me that Stockholm Post No. 1 celebrates its second anniversary in 1938. At the same time occurs a three



LEGION!

hundredth anniversary, the settlement of Delaware by the Swedes, and the latter occasion laid the long train of events which resulted in the former.

New Sweden in Delaware didn't last long as such. Old Peter Stuyvesant stumped down on his wooden leg from New Amsterdam at the head of an army, and the Swedes were too few to beat the Dutch. That was left to the English who in turn—but this isn't a Fourth of July piece. The point is that the Swedes stayed settled, kept coming and founded the sturdy Swedish-American stock in which our country takes pride. Lumbering, farming, seafaring, invention, machinery, the various professions—the Swedes tackled them all and many a one made his mark. There was, for instance, a former member of the Swedish parliament who hewed a homestead out of the Minnesota woods. He changed his name of Mansson to Lindbergh, and his grandson, as you've heard tell, became an aviator. In all our wars Swedish-Americans have served gallantly as first-class fighting men.

Of such is the membership of Stock-

holm Post of The American Legion. Born in Sweden—most of them—they joined the tide of immigration to the United States which only reversed itself in recent years. They were naturalized and found jobs. In 1917 they answered their adopted country's call to arms.

AFTER the war not all got their jobs back. The depression made the going hard, and that plus homesickness, which you can understand when you see Sweden, took most of them back to the land of their birth. Commander Bellander saw action at St. Mihiel and the Argonne. He was a mechanical engineer in the States. On his return to Sweden, he ran hotels in the north and now owns that flourishing café. Gustav Larson, Vice-Commander, served as a corporal and acting sergeant in the 363d Infantry, 91st Division, in the Argonne and at Ypres. His trade as a tool and die-maker in the States is still followed by him as the boss of a Stockholm manufacturing plant. Herbert Alwert, Post Adjutant, was only seventeen when he eased himself into the Ninth Machine Gun Company of the Third

Division and fought with that outfit at Château-Thierry. After farming and odd jobs in the U. S. A. he went home to take a good position in his father's baggage factory. The saga of these post officers is typical of most of the other members. They are glad to be back in their native land and are doing well, yet they do not regret their American adventure.

In fact, they founded their Post to keep memories alive and ties unbroken. Quite a few of these men had been members of American Posts and gratefully remember services done them by the Legion. Some have relatives and business connections in the States.

STOCKHOLM Post now has thirty-four members and is campaigning for more, as well as encouraging the establishment of a Post in Gothenburg, Sweden's big Atlantic port. Post parties, which may combine the celebration of Armistice Day and Thanksgiving so as to miss nothing, are real occasions. American diplomatic and consular officials are invited. If an American warship is in port, its band is borrowed. *(Continued on page 55)*

Pass it On

By
ELSIE JANIS

WELL, fellahs, one year has passed since I signed up for the duration of this life and the next. My training has been stiff, I've only been put on K. P. duty a couple of times, and I haven't gone AWOL once. If I keep eyes front and up through 1937 I may rate a corporal's stripes.

Again, your editor has said, "What ya got to publish, Elsie?" Again, I have no fiction because I know now, better than ever, that truth is not only stranger than fiction, it's a lot more fascinating. So, again, I am writing the low-down on my High-ups to youse guys who rate reading this publication, instead of for any purely commercial magazine, because you know me.

Years ago I used to delight in telling a story which I know now must have shocked the ultra-religious, but as my angle on the great Boss of this universe—G.H.Q.—has convinced me that He doesn't give His children a sense of humor and then ask them to lose it when they start serious training for His Army, I give you the story. It hits my situation right on that well-known button.

A little boy walked in on his parents on Christmas Eve, and when he saw them trimming the tree, which Santa Claus was supposed to drag down the fireplace chimney (which they didn't possess), he said: "Aw, I ain't bein' fooled. I'm onto that Santa Claus gag, and I'm goin' to look into this Jesus business, too."

That is exactly what I have done for well over a year—looked into it, and believe me, it's Big Business! Until you can handle the next line, you can't know how big it is.

"Now Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"—Hebrews 11, 1st verse. Most writers quote or snitch tactfully from the—

best seller of the year, so why not start at the top and quote from the best seller of all years, especially when through it one has found that peace folks are always talking about—the Peace that passeth all understanding.

Personally, I don't ask to understand; I only want to hang onto it. At the time of going to press, I am not only hanging on, I'm swinging and singing! Here is my theme song:

*If you've had a kindness shown, pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone, pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it dry another's tears,
Till in Heaven the deed appears, pass it on.*

QUITE a change from the one you fellows used to like best over there—"Where Do We Go From Here, Boys, Where Do We Go From Here?" I still sing it when a gang wants it, but for me, the old question mark is out! Wherever we go from here, I'm going to make sure of reservations. I am quite prepared to go steerage if it makes the entree certain.

Everyone who finds this very special brand of happiness wants to write, talk, and broadcast about it, so I've soft-pedaled for the past year for fear of boasting too soon. Now, I know that if I lose this greatest of all the blessings bestowed upon me, it will be my own fault, and if one out of a thousand of youse guys gets anything out of my story, I shall not have lived, died, or flopped in vain.

Hold everything! No, on second thought, you had better open everything—your mind, your heart, and maybe—a window.

To the fellows who have watched me go clanging through the wards of hospitals this past year, this may answer that "what-the-hell-is-this?" expression I saw clearly in eyes, pain drenched or slightly gold bricking.

I want you to know that this is really

nothing new to me because I was born in prayer. My Mother prayed for me over my Father's wishes, and she prayed me into every success I ever had. I know now why I never got the wind up in France—she was right there, asking G.H.Q. every minute to see that her Baby didn't stop one, and so consistent was her example to me, that I have never gone to bed without saying my prayers, even when tight.

So, what? There are thousands who can say, "Well, what does she think is so wonderful about that? I pray every night, and so does Willie. We go to church every Sunday—well, at least almost every Sunday. So does Aunt Emma."

I can hear the gently ironic babble, but I say, "Patience is the password," and what I am trying to pass on is this bit of inside information—if you have been even faintly God-conscious (and who could play around in a war and not be?)—if you have even vaguely believed the turn over should be much easier—Turn Over is just what it is, and turning the whole battle over to G.H.Q. is the quintessence of buck passing. It is, however, a one-track job. You can't say "Thy Will Be Done" and add "but please make it snappy."

"ACCORDING to your faith be it unto you"—St. Matthew, 9th chapter, 29th verse. I'm just giving you one private's experience and there is no money-back guarantee, but having had everything in every country in the way of luxury, you must admit that I know what I mean when I say, "This inside happiness is the Top, and that Light we've all read about makes all the spotlights I ever basked in look like a lightning bug by comparison."

"Ask and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you" I have learned

Decoration by
WILLIAM HEASLIP

does not mean a door, a way, or a bag of gold. It means the Book of Books and, through it, the Light by which to read and understand it.

Having read the Bible all my life because I thought I ought to, and then only when it pleased me to do so, I can vouch for what happens when one says with sincerity to G.H.Q., "Please show me everything in the old and new rules that will help me to be a good soldier today." I have learned that Bible browsers get blinded looking for high lights and lose the swell lessons, which are there for seek-and-ye-shall-finders.

THE first clue to the Treasure Hunt is when you realize that the Book, both the Old and New Testaments, was written for the world. You are doing your darnedest to stick around in that world, so everything in the Book applies to you. It covers your situation if you want it to.

"He who exalteth himself shall be abashed and he who humbleth himself shall be glorified." If you don't think that applies, ask the gal who excelled in exalting herself and has found that humble thing is great exercise. Gratitude eases the stiffness of the knees, and the jump from "Thy Will (and mine) Be Done" to "Thy Will (and not mine) Be Done" is taken with more ease when the knees, mind, and heart get limbered up.

Clearly the thought comes—"What a so-and-so I am, to have received so many blessings. Am I obeying those ten commandments that Moses had so much trouble getting? Do I have to read all that 'begat and begat' sequence of the Old Testament?" That's the time to ask G.H.Q., and I'll bet all the possessions I have left that the answer will come clearly, as it did with me: "No, you don't have to. That's why the Son was sent, to give you an out." But the set-up is the same as in any army—you can go to an officers' training camp, learn what an officer should do, even get your shoulder bars, then when the battle starts, wish you knew what being under fire felt like, as the Regular Army guys know it.

THROUGH the training in the old school with prophets, kings, and historians, you arrive at the new one in the know. The locale is familiar, the towns are known to you, and best of all, you understand not only what the Son says, but how much simpler and love-laden His new rules are. You meet the original Godsend and understand why He was sent. He is your out from the strict, hard, and cruel training and His rules are simpler than the by-laws of any good club: Love—Love—Love. You realize how that word has been kicked about since the days in (Continued on page 41)



They Called Him SPIKE

YOU were saying, lady, that you heard tell that I was once suspicioned of being a criminal? Which time do you mean, and how lately? Oh, during the war. Your husband said he read one of my yarns and thought he was with me at La Courtine, huh? Oh, *that* time! I don't know about telling a lady about that. Gee! Not on a dry whistle, anyway. Hmmm! Of course if you could arrange to have a little bottle of soldier's smelling salts nearby, I might go through with it.

Ah, that's fine! Well, here's a sightin'; shot! Now, then, lady, in the middle of France, in a little town where a bathtub was as unknown as the Grand Lama of Thibet, and the only running water was in the gutter, was a permanent camp of instruction called La Courtine. It belonged to the French, they had loaned it to the Russians, the Russians had mutinied and tried to wreck the place, and so the ruins had been turned over to the Americans. All the loose artillerymen that arrived in France with no outfit of their own went there. That's how I got there. I went up from Bordeaux with two newly commissioned lieutenants of Ordnance and a hundred and fifty wild replacements from Camp Grant.

It was a day in early May, sunny and warm, when I hit La Courtine. I went in to the reception desk, handed in my orders, and was told to go over to the Supply Company and get a bunk. They had big two-story stone barracks there, all pock-marked with machine-gun fire, from the time the French policed up on the Russian mutineers. The kitchens and the latrines were side by side, not to make the flies weary. In the squad rooms were long inclined shelves to sleep on. And in charge of my squad room was a sad looking, apple-cheeked, long-eyelashed Italian boy called Corporal Ambrosio.

"You t'row your pack on dat bunk," orders Corporal Ambrosio, "an' you take a holt o' dat broom, an' sweepa de place out!"

"Take a look at my arm, boy!" I requested politely. "I'm a sergeant. Regular Army, too. I guess I don't wrestle with any broom!"

"Sergeants ain't no better than annywan else here!" growls the corporal. "You live here, don't yuh? You walk in da mud, you trampa da mud all over da floor, who da hell you think is gonna sweep it out for you?"

"Well, corporal, before we get our vocal cords overstrained, suppose I just step in the orderly room and talk this over with someone that's been in the Army since Christmas. Who's in command?"

The corporal stood up. He was short and fat, and must have had rickets when he was a boy, because his knees seemed to begin at his ankles. This was tough on his uniform, because the peg of his breeches went almost to his shoe tops, and he only had room enough for about one turn of his wrap leggings. Quite a soldierly figure!

"De guy in command here," said Corporal Ambrosio, "is Spike Hennessy. He naila dem to da cross. You go ask in orderly room. Whenna you come back, looka where I leava da broom, right here handy!"

So I went to the orderly room, all confident, just to put this goofy room-corporal in his place. Just as I got to the door an officer entered the barracks.



... hit him over
the head because
he didn't pay

BY LEONARD H. NASON



"Humph!" says Spike. "You men report to quarters under arrest."

Lady, he was wide across the chest, I ain't kiddin'. I've never seen so much expanse from one shoulder to the other since. On his overseas cap was the old tin buzzard that meant a colonel. Well, now I paused to estimate the situation. If this gorilla-like person was headed for the orderly room, maybe I'd better wait until he was finished. While I hesitated, he stalked on, clump clump clump. BLAM! He kicked wide the orderly room door.

"Who's in command here?" barked the wide man, stalking in.

Lady, he let out that query from down inside him somewhere, and it sounded like the bottom bass note of the organ in Rockefeller Center. Gee, the poor company clerk jumped up, almost leaving his skin in the chair, and upsetting a bottle of glue in the process. The glue rolled down the desk and fell on the floor, and the poor clerk grabbed some paper to try to mop it up.

"Stand at attention, you!" howls Tarzan.

Overhead you could hear feet running, where the boys were taking to the dug-outs. "I asked you, who's in command here?"

Well, the poor clerk let the glue run down his pants and just gasped. He murmured finally the name of some ob-

scure lieutenant—Smith or Jones, or something like that.

"Lieutenant Jones is in command?" diapasons the wide man. "What do you mean by that?" He beat his breast like a drum. "I'm in command here! Unnerstand? You know who I am?"

"Why, er—yes, sir, you're Colonel Hennessy!"

"**COLONEL HENNESSY?** Colonel Hennessy? SPIKE Hennessy! They call me Spike because I nail 'em to the cross! Yuh know who I am now?"

"Er—yes, sir, —er, Colonel Hennessy!"

The wide man sat down in a chair and rolled a cigarette.

"You're hopeless," he said very calmly. "I just told you who I am and still you don't know. Clean up that glue, now. **CLEAN UP THAT GLUE!** Are you deaf as well as dumb?"

Well, lady, I thought it wouldn't do to go in there and take up the matter of the broom at that minute. I just went back and swept out the squad room.

Corporal Ambrosio was lying in his end of the shelf, smoking a butt. He

never said a word. It seems to me it must have been a Wednesday, because everyone was gone except the corporal who was in charge of quarters. We used to get Wednesday and Saturday and all day Sunday off in those days.

"I suppose," I began to the corporal, "that there's no objection to my taking a little turn around the town, is there?"

"No. Only hava your dog tag on, boy! An' you better know your serial number! Spike, he gotta Dodge sedan. Look out for it. Whena you see, salute!"

Well, I didn't think I'd go down town. You see, lady, I didn't have any dog tag, that is to say, identification disc, worn about the neck. On the way up from Bordeaux to La Courtine, I had made the acquaintance of an Armenian, or a Turk, whatever he was, that was a carver in metal. He wanted to carve some decorations on my tags, and I let him have them. He went over the hill at Périgeux, and took my tags with him. Not very serious, except the first thing that an M. P. did when he stopped a soldier was to ask for his dog tag. Like a cop asking for your driver's license. No license, into the hoosegow with you. No tag, into the stockade. Except that in civilian life a guy can get out, and in the Army if a man got into a stockade, he was likely to stay there until any such little jobs

Illustrations by

HERBERT M. STOOPS

as unloading a trainload of cement, or lugging rails for the new spur-track, had been completed.

LADY, there's no place in the world lonelier than a squad room in a barracks on a day when there's no drill. That barracks was like a tomb. Still, it would be better than the guardhouse. Then suddenly down the hall come feet, and the company clerk appears.

"Your name Nason?" he asks. "Well, there's two officers want to see you."

"Two officers? To see me? What for?"

"You're Sergeant Nason, ain't you? Didn't you just come in this morning? Well, they said they wanted to see you. They're outside."

I got up and started for the door, grabbing up my hat.

"Sergeant!" says the clerk. "Just a whisper in your ear! Better get rid of that hat!"

He points to my campaign hat. That hat was a Stetson that I'd paid good jack for, and I was pretty proud of it. It had a red silk cord on it that I was proud of, too.

"Whaddyuh mean, get rid of this hat?"

"They ain't allowed. You have to wear an overseas cap in this camp."

"Is that so?" says I. "What's your head size?"

"Seven an' an eighth."

"I thought it might be," says I. "Well, now, just because I swept up this squad room to give myself an appetite, is no sign I'm going to turn in an expensive hat for somebody else to wear. When I



"Did the officers know they can't go to Soissons—because the Germans captured it this morning!"

get a direct order from a commissioned officer to turn this hat in, I will. Otherwise not."

"If Spike sees you, you'll get it!" grins the clerk. "He'll maybe tell you to turn in your head with it."

So I went out to see my officers. They were the two second lieutenants that had come up from Bordeaux with me. One was fat, not very tall, and the other had a long solemn pan on him, with eye-glasses, so that the boys called him The Owl right from the start. I thought they were going to ask me about some papers that had been lost or something.

"Sergeant," begins the little looe, "as you know, we were commissioned and sent to France because we're ordnance experts. Our purpose is to study the French 75, and then go home and take charge of manufacture in the States. The first thing we have to do is to go up to the front and observe some 75's in action. We have just received our order. We are going to be allowed one enlisted man, and we thought—you have a good idea of the French language—that you might want to go with us."

The Owl nods confirmation. "You're a good non-commissioned officer. You handled those men on the trip very well."

Well, I stood on one foot and then the other. To go up to the front would be swell. On the other hand, to go up with

these two bimboes might not be so good.

"It's only fair to tell you," said the little looe, "that there will be a certain amount of amateur dog-robbing to be done. Carrying our suitcases, shining shoes, that sort of thing!"

And me a sergeant in the Regular Army, to say nothing of almost being a college graduate! Fat chance!

"It's very nice of the lieutenant to remember me," said I, "but I've got an outfit of my own somewhere in France, and I think I'd better try to get back to it before they forget me. A sergeant doesn't seem to rate very high anywhere but with his own outfit, and as long as I'm one, I'd better get back to some place where people know what three stripes on the right sleeve mean!"

So they went away, muttering and looking back evilly over their shoulders.

In the morning, under the care of Corporal Ambrosio, the Supply Company's new recruits turn out and go to the range. We coupled up some 75's to a truck and mounted in the truck and rattled away. That was the first morning I'd ever had a tin hat on, and my first experience with a gas mask. We had two of them in those early days. One mask was American, the other French, the idea being that if the American mask didn't work, you put on the French mask. I found out, long afterward, that the



"Gas!" Off would go every helmet with a clank

French mask was a model that had been condemned by the French. But it was supposed to be good enough for us.

"In thisa camp," orders Corporal Ambrosio, "durin' drill hours, everybody gotta wear tin hat an' gas mask. When Spike hollers 'Gas!' if you too slow, in da hoosegow for a week!"

Lady, that was a busy camp that morning. Everywhere you could see squads of men marching at a new kind of quick step they'd learned from some Allied instructor—experts at stitching an outfit all up—when someone would holler "Gas!" and off would go every helmet with a clank, and on would go the mask. Most of the time the helmet going off would clank against the dome of the soldier in front, but there was no time to argue. The mask had to be put on. But when the masks came off, it was like a school of seals coming up for air.

Bark! Bark! Bark!

"Why'ncha look where yuh knock that helmet, yuh blankety blank tub o' lard?"

"Stick around fer a poke in the jaw, there, Sweeney! Yuh slammed that tin hat into me on purpose!"

"Hey! Yuh know them things got prickles on 'em? How does that feel on the back o' your neck?"

So, merry, merry in the morning, we went on up to the artillery range, bouncing along in the back of the truck like pebbles.

The first thing was to report to an officer who was sitting at a table right out in the open field.

"What experience have you had on a 75?" he asks me.

Well, I hadn't had any. Lady, I enlisted to go to war as a cavalryman, and without consulting me or any of my fellow soldiers, my regiment was made into field artillery. You can make a regiment into anything you want to, just by writing an order, but you can't make artillerymen out of cavalrymen so easily.

When we were at Fort Ethan Allen, we had wagon bodies to drill with, a log of fire wood representing the gun.

At Camp Shelby we had ancient model cannon, that would sometimes shoot—so I heard. I was in hospital, anyway, most of the time. So now, at least, I approached the French 75 with an open mind. I heard later that many a poor old turkey-necked sergeant in my outfit went straight for the bottle after his first introduction to the 75, he having worn wrinkles in his skull learning all about a panoramic sight, parallax, and the like, and now having to start all over again on a gun that was just as different as anything else in France from anything he'd had acquaintance with.

So this officer assigns me to the awkward squad, under Corporal Ambrosio.

"What's the name?" asks the officer, writing down.

"Nason," said I.

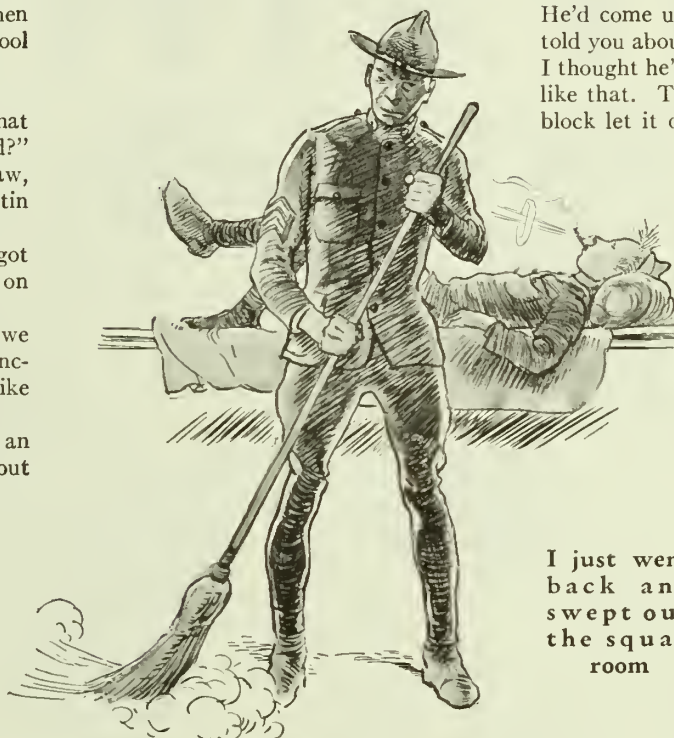
Gee, he dropped his pencil and nearly dislocated his neck. I looked myself all

over and couldn't see anything wrong, but this officer was viewing me as though I was a pink elephant.

"Well, how did you get them to let you out so quick?" he asked.

I didn't understand him at all. I thought he referred to some slight entanglement I'd had with the camp regulations at Genicart, resulting in a short period of internment in the local stockade. I just shrugged my shoulders. His jaw hung down. When I went away to where other ignorants were grouped about Corporal Ambrosio and the trail of a 75, I could still feel this officer looking at me.

So then we sat down around the trail spade to learn the parts of the 75 while



I just went back and swept out the squad room

waiting our turn to go up on the line and take part in firing. There were two practice batteries firing, everyone taking turns at being members of the gun crew. The range was on a set of deserted hills, all meadow land, but there were some pine woods that ran from the road up to the top of the hill, where we were. Someone could come up through those woods from below without being seen.

"Firsta thing," begins Corporal Ambrosio, "we gonna learn to take down da breecha block!"

The breech block on a 75 is the thing that closes like the top of a talcum can and shuts in the shell. It has to be pretty heavy, and it's complicated in its mechanism. However, because soldiers are supposed to be all thumbs, breech blocks and bolts and machine-gun mechanisms are made so that they can be taken apart without tools, by a little expert pressure on this part and that. Instructors spend an awful lot of time teaching soldiers all about the taking down, and learning the parts by name,

so that when anything happens to breech block, bolt, or machine gun in action the soldier will know at once there is no use fooling with the darned thing and throw the whole works into the ditch. So we went ahead with our breech block.

Lady, I don't remember much about it, but there was some gadget you had to press down, and then something else turned, and then the whole thing came apart neatly. We'd done it once and got it together again, then one lad started to take it down once more. He got the block off the gun, and was fussing around with it on his knees.

"Gas!"

Now what the hell? I turned around to see who had bellowed that. There on a horse was my Spike Hennessy. He'd come up through the woods I just told you about, and no one had seen him. I thought he'd gone off his rocker, yelling like that. The guy that had the breech block let it drop, or took his thumb off

the spring, I don't know what he did, but the thing burst like a shell, and springs and extractors and cams buzzed in all directions. Helmets were clumping everywhere, banging off skulls, trails, gun shields, barrels, or just the ground. Everyone was putting on his mask. Apparently that was the thing to do. But how? I didn't even know how to take mine out of the bag. Golly, they were confusing! There was a big tube like a snake, a pair of pinchers, strings, tin cans, elastics to go over your

head or round your neck, goggles, rubber. I don't know what not. I tried to pull the cursed thing on over my head, and finally let it dangle around my ears, while I put on the French mask.

"You're gassed!" announces Spike, coldly, pointing at me. Then he blows his whistle and rides away.

"What's he mean, gassed?" I asked Corporal Ambrosio, after Spike had gone clumping away, licking his chops.

"You don't go out of camp Saturday!" says the corporal. He turns to the luckless brother that had dropped the breech block.

"Whaddell you mean, feather fingers, droppa da block da pieces all fall in da mud? You find him on da payroll!"

Just then a major comes over to our gun.

"Is your name Nason?" he asks me.

"Yes, sir."

The major walked around and around.

"Well, I'll be condemned!" says the major. "Carry on, I just wanted to see what you looked like!"

Well, now, lady, (Continued on page 52)

By John R. Tunis

THE sun has to shine on some sports. Others are played in any sort of weather. Football is one of the latter.

It was toward the middle of December, 1934. The Chicago Bears had arrived in New York to face the New York Giants for the professional football title of the United States. That morning a sudden cold snap swept over the city,

be a handicap to a fast team, decided to make weather conditions work for his team instead of against them.

Owen measured the feet of his players carefully, telephoned downtown to a big sporting goods house while the players were out getting ready to take the field, and ordered a pair of basketball shoes for every man.

The game began. As was expected,

skidded on the ice terrain, the Giants in their sneakers were able to grip the ground and ripped through for 27 points and four touchdowns. Final score: New York 30, Chicago 13. It was the Bears' first defeat in 32 games.

Football seldom sees a postponement on account of weather. Games have been scheduled—and played—in August heat waves and December zeroes. Large-

WEATHER



PERMITTING

freezing the gridiron hard. This meant bad weather for football, but the Bears didn't worry. They had come through the season undefeated, conquering the Giants twice, so they went out confident of victory and the title.

But Steve Owen, the Giants' coach, wasn't so sure of it. He had reached the grounds just before noon, and seeing the frozen turf and realizing that it would

Chicago scored. By the end of the first half, with both teams slipping all over the field, the score was 10-3 for the Bears. Then, during the period between the halves, a breathless messenger arrived at the dressing room with a bulky package. The Giants immediately changed from their football shoes into basketball sneakers. In the second half, while the Bears in cleats slithered and

college teams and professional elevens nearly always go through with the game, although smaller colleges do occasionally postpone a contest when the weather is particularly bad and the ticket sale worse. This fall history was made when for the first time a major football contest was postponed. Graduate managers have always feared putting off a game because of the ticket sale, and also because



of the expense involved. However, the Auburn-Tulane game scheduled for Saturday, October 2d, at New Orleans was postponed until Monday, October 4th, because the field was under water. Result: Good weather, a better game, larger crowds and bigger gate receipts. This precedent once established, you can look for more frequent postponements of important contests on the gridiron from now on.

Baseball, unlike football, demands a dry field and sure footing. The home club decides whether the weather is suitable for play before the game starts; if rain comes while the teams are actually on the field the head umpire alone can suspend hostilities.

It was the weather that robbed Fred

Frankhouse, Brooklyn pitching ace, of a chance to enter baseball's hall of fame last summer. On August 27th he faced the Cincinnati Reds and for seven innings held them hitless, not a single visiting player reaching third. With a hitless and runless game almost within his grasp, Frankhouse came to the start of the eighth. Hub Walker, lead-off man for the Reds, was out on strikes. Five put-outs to go. Goodman, the next batter, grounded and was nabbed at first. Four to go. One and a third innings from a record. Then rain fell. It came down harder. It darkened the diamond and descended in sheets. Umpire Lee Ballanfant took one look at the heavens and everyone dashed for cover. Play was suspended.



But play can be suspended for only thirty minutes, the legal wait. Frankhouse during that period paced anxiously up and down inside the clubhouse. By the end of the thirty minutes Ebbets Field had become an inland sea, with islands at home plate and the pitcher's box. So Umpire Ballanfant, peering through the windows at the rain, called the game. The score immediately reverted to the end of the seventh, when Brooklyn was leading 5-0. The game was a victory for Brooklyn, but that untimely shower washed out Frankhouse's chance for a record. And over at the Polo Grounds, a few miles away in New York, the Giants were engaging the Pittsburgh

Rain began falling as Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey started fighting in Philadelphia in 1926 and Tunney became world's champion in a pelting downpour. On opposite page, bleacher fans smilin' through the raindrops

Pirates and going the entire nine innings.

Another game greatly affected by climatic conditions is golf. It isn't too much to say that the weather practically won the national amateur golf title for Johnny Fischer of Cincinnati back in 1936 at Garden City, Long Island.

Whipping in from the Atlantic Ocean late in September came a northeaster that made lakes out of the traps along the course and very nearly submerged the greens on the Garden City links. But golf is a Scotch game and Scotchmen enjoy playing in all sorts of weather, as the American Ryder Cup team discovered at the British Open in Carnoustie, Scotland, last June. So Fischer set forth in the storm to play Johnny Goodman. Now Fischer plays with old-fashioned wood-shafted clubs, whereas Goodman uses steel shafts that kept turning in his hands on the last holes

Fire engines pumped off the water in the Rose Bowl at Pasadena in 1934 and Columbia took Stanford 7-0 in the New Year's Day game that is an annual feature of the Tournament of Roses

when the rain had soaked the handles. Fischer believes that deluge saved the day for him.

"I never would have controled those low shots into the wind on the day of the fifty-mile-an-hour gale if I had not had hickory-shafted irons. My clubs are all six or seven years old. The grips are roughened from prolonged usage. They got soggy rather than slippery in that downpour, and I was able to keep a firm grip on them. Little things like this, often unseen by the gallery, decide matches."

The big outdoor boxing spectacles have had their share (Continued on page 61)

DOGS *of* WAR

By
GENEVIEVE
PARKHURST

Illustration
by
RAYMOND SISLEY

A DISPATCH from Harbin, Manchukuo, says: "Dogs had their day here when one thousand of them, trained for war, were paraded through the city during defense demonstrations." Another from Germany puts the number of Doberman Pinschers, Rottweilers and shepherds being made ready for war at 50,000. Since 1888 a battalion of dogs has been attached to each German infantry regiment and has figured in all reviews, parades, and exercises. A complete manual on the training of war dogs, prepared by a German general staff member, is followed as punctiliously as the manual of arms. Austrians avail themselves of dog-power to such an extent that every dog is provided with a gas mask. In England Major Richardson's famous war dog school is an established department of military training.

Dogs being groomed for battlefields is not a novelty. From ancient wall-writing we know that as long ago as 4000 B. C. they went forth with the Egyptian armies to repel an invasion. Homer mentions them as dispatch messengers. The Celts armed them with spiked collars and two-edged steel blades and sent them out to attack the enemy. In English history Henry VIII, when Charles V of Spain was at war with France, sent him four hundred English terriers, and "so courageously did they fight that the French soldiery was most thoroughly routed." Frederick the Great, first to see their value on modern battlefields, ordered the use of collies as sentries, ambulance aides and picket messengers.

In 1914, when the troops on both sides dug themselves into the trenches, legions of dogs, both thoroughbreds and mongrels whose conduct (Continued on page 42)



The creature was so restless that the picket commander ordered him out with a sentry

TWO ANNIVERSARIES

1787-1937

THE United States of America has observed this year the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of its Constitution—a document described, nearly a century later (and not by an American), as “the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man.” Actually the birthday celebration is not yet over—indeed, it has only begun. Not until the middle of 1788 was the Constitution duly ratified and established as the basic and fundamental law of the land.

As everyone knows, it was neither drawn up in convention nor approved by the country without a struggle. The first dispute was occasioned by the rivalry of the “large States” and the “small States,” with Virginia heading the first group and New Jersey the second—today New Jersey has a bigger population than Virginia. A compromise proposal drawn up by Connecticut, a “small State,” was carried, and the document was submitted to the thirteen units which composed the federation. Delaware, Pennsylvania and New Jersey ratified it before the end of 1787; Georgia, Connecticut and Massachusetts early in 1788; Maryland and South Carolina in the spring, and then New Hampshire, the ninth and deciding State. The Constitution became fact.

That bare summary hurries over a period of strain and stress that has no parallel in American history. The new republic was so tiny and so weak that any grave dissension might have scattered it to the four winds. Only five cities, all of them along the Atlantic seaboard, had populations in excess of ten thousand—heading them was New York, with 33,000. There were no great industrial centers—there were barely any industries. The four million men, women and children who constituted the people of the United States according to the nose-count of the first census in 1790 gained their livelihood almost exclusively in agricultural pursuits. Hardier souls were venturing down the Ohio from Pittsburgh, a village of a few hundred citizens, but the Indians were resentful and the journey correspondingly hazardous. The Government’s annual revenue was some four million dollars.

From then to now is the history of the

United States of America. From then to now is a story of progress both spiritual and material that has made America and its Government the envy of the world. Monarchies rise and fall, dictators come and go on blasts of violence. And America, one nation under one Constitution, holds fast to its determination, expressed a century and a half ago, “to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.”

THE Constitution of the United States is not the only fundamental pronouncement of national policy to celebrate its one-hundred and fiftieth birthday this year. Two months before it adopted the Constitution, the Continental Congress passed the Ordinance of 1787 “for the government of the territory north-west of the river Ohio.” In this noble document appear for the first time under federal sponsorship those great principles which are the very basis of Americanism—civil and religious liberty. These provisions were not explicitly embodied in the Constitution itself until the adoption, in 1791, of the first twelve amendments, constituting the bill of rights.

The States which now comprise what was once the Northwest Territory have already begun to memorialize the passage of the Ordinance and the opening-up to settlement of the fertile and far-flung lands beyond the barrier of the Alleghanies—a most redoubtable barrier a century and a half ago. The celebrations will continue into 1938. The citizens of Sylvania, Michigania, Assenisipia, Illinois, Polypatania, Washington, Chersonesus, Metropotamia, Saratoga and Pelisipia, as Thomas Jefferson fancifully divided and christened them (we know them today as Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota), will observe the occasion by ceremonies in which posts of The American Legion throughout the area will have an important part. And both the older America of the eastern seaboard and the younger America of the deeper west will join to render national salute to their fellow men between the mountains.

Now you SEE 'EM,

Now you DON'T

By

WILLIAM I. LYON

WILD birds and wild animals in the cities? "Don't be silly!" is the usual response to such a suggestion. "How in the world could any wild animals live in a big town," scoffs the city man, "unless you want to count rats and mice as wild?"

Before we get too far into that subject, let's ease up to it by way of birds. Birds, as it happens, are my major interest. Banding birds, which means catching them, affixing marks, and releasing them so that if ever again caught they will be identified, is my hobby. It is a strange hobby, and is practiced by about two thousand people in the United States and Canada. Why and how we do it will be treated a little further along, but right now we are concerned with country birds in city surroundings.

A doctor in Chicago belongs to a bird-banding association of which I am an officer. He lives in a crowded district on the South Side. His yard is about twenty-five feet square; apartment houses tower above it. He has one tree, a few bushes, a tiny pocket-handkerchief of a garden. The surroundings are no more attractive to birds than any one of fifty thousand other back yards in Chicago, and may be presumed to contain at any one time about the same varieties of birds as any other similar city area.

His neighbors would honestly testify that they had never seen thereabouts any but the commonest of city birds: English sparrows, robins, starlings, bluejays. But the scientific records disclose that he has trapped and banded in his yard just about as many varieties—not as many individuals—as have banders with acres of bird cover to work over. Every species of thrush has passed through his yard, dozens of varieties of sparrows,



The flying squirrel is not uncommon in built-up areas, but his timidity and agility usually keep him out of sight

creepers, flickers, orioles, cardinals, and so on. Yet probably he would never see them unless his cunningly hidden traps were there to detain them against their will.

The point is, of course, that birds from wild surroundings come right into our thickly populated cities and manage to live there successfully and so inconspicuously that they are practically invisible. Given a terrain just a little more rural and the kinds of birds can be just as surprising.

My home is on a street which is a through highway. It is in a manufacturing town of 30,000 population, forty miles north of Chicago. Half a mile down the street are several skyscraper-

type office buildings and hotels. Back of my fence is a main-line railroad, and between it and Lake Michigan extends a string of industrial plants. The solidly built-up residential district goes another mile beyond us in the other two directions. Our city is one of the succession of industrial and residential suburbs which stretches through Chicago well over into Indiana. All this is cited to indicate that we live in an urban district.

Well, there is a covey of bob-white quail in the neighborhood—they whistle in the shrubbery, but have been seen only once. This was two years ago, when they wandered, nine strong, into one of my traps. Since a quail lives his life usually within half a mile of the nest where he was hatched, it may be presumed that these quail are native city birds, reared right among us. They get along very well, certainly, for they remain year after year.

Then there is woodcock, that wildest of all game birds. I have never seen a woodcock in our yard, except in a trap. We catch about two a year, band them and release them. Never have we had the same woodcock twice.

Woodcock, incidentally, are responsible for the development of bird banding. An English nobleman fell to wondering whether the woodcock on his acres were the identical birds year after year. So he had many of them caught and banded with a tiny silver ring engraved with the initial of his seat, an S. Silver was too expensive for wholesale banding. Aluminum was found to offer exactly the right material for fastening on a bird's leg—light, non-corrosive, inexpensive. It is the standard for bird bands, here and abroad.

"But why band birds?" I am asked a hundred times a year. The answer is not too involved. Birds are tremendously



This little opossum set out to see civilization and wound up in one of Mr. Lyon's backyard traps



A pair of bob whites wondering who that man is and what's going to happen to them—



—but there's nothing to worry about, because as soon as they've been banded they'll be as free as ever

valuable to the world. They keep insects from overwhelming all of us, they eat weed seeds which would crowd out our fields and our lawns and our gardens. The study of birds is a useful science, and the more we can learn of them the better we can aid them in aiding us to live happily upon the earth. But birds have one characteristic which makes them extremely difficult to study: Most of them come and stay for a few days or weeks or months, then depart for other localities.

HOW do we know, for instance, that the bobolink, who is welcomed as a useful citizen throughout the northern United States, is the self-same individual who appears along toward harvest time in the rice fields of Arkansas and Louisiana, gorges himself to the imprecations of the rice planter, and goes on to Central America? If it is the same bird, then the rice planter had better suffer his brief maraudings for the good that the bird does elsewhere in other seasons; if not, then who could blame the planter for ridding himself of this rice-eater? Our only way of ascertaining is to mark the birds in the North, then identify them in the South. This is exactly what has been done. They are beyond question the same individuals; they converge upon the rice fields for refueling, then hop for anywhere from the West Indies to southern Brazil.

Trapping the birds is the part requiring ingenuity. Different types of birds require different traps. Some will walk easily into box traps and close the doors by eating off a trigger. Others will climb up through a hole in the bottom of a cage but cannot be induced to go down out of the same hole. Still others have to be taken by contrivances of Rubengoldbergian complexity. One of the most successful is a perch placed off-center on a pivoted floor, so that when the bird alights the floor tips upside down and dumps him down a chute into a lower cage where he has to remain until released through a door. Another is a fenced-over creek bed, open at one end, so that the bird gets far into it before discovering the fence, then attempts to fly out any one of a dozen attractive openings, only to learn too late that these contain panes of glass fixed at an angle to deflect him down a chute and into a cage where he remains entirely unharmed until banded and released.

EVERY morning before going to the office, and every afternoon before dark, I have to make the rounds of my traps, no matter what the weather, for we pick up a few birds daily even in sub-zero winters. Resetting and rebaiting the traps takes a good deal of time. Each bird must be taken into the hand unharmed—it is easy, once you learn the trick—where he stays quietly and unfrightened while a tiny numbered band is closed around one leg. The bander records the number and (Continued on page 44)



THE Department of Illinois has added a fifth point to the four-point highway safety program—that of eliminating the extra hazard of night driving by illuminating the highways. The program is being vigorously pressed by the Department Safety Committee, and within the first few months of the campaign surveys made by competent traffic engineers indicate that by the adoption of the Legion's proposal the automobile accident record of Illinois, approximating 16,000 each year, will be cut almost in half.

This program is outlined by Matthew J. Murphy, immediate Past Department Commander of Illinois, under whose administration it was initiated. Past Commander Murphy writes:

"A form of individual transportation has been developed over the last twenty-five years that has common acceptance and has been placed within the financial reach of most families. The present day motor vehicle has been developed by the manufacturers until it is a safe means of transportation even when operated by a person of no mechanical ability. In other words, the motor car makers have done their share to make the use of automobiles a thing which everyone can enjoy.

"The motor car owner, on the other hand, has done his part. He pays license fees, taxes on the gasoline he uses, and other taxes, the purpose of which is to build highways—safe highways. He is given some protection through the establishment of highway police patrols and traffic rules intended to curb those who overstep the bounds of safe driving, but these are not enough to constitute 'safe driving.' Use of automobiles nowadays is

KILLING *the*

NIGHT

HAZARD



A section of the Skokie Valley Highway, U. S. Route 41, near Northbrook, Illinois, is being tested with a modern system of night illumination. At top, the highway as it was with the old, inadequate and inefficient lighting system. The man inspecting the tire is barely discernible. Below, the same section with new lights, showing car and driver clearly visible five hundred feet ahead

over the entire twenty-four-hour period. People don't hurry home before darkness falls, even when out with the family for a pleasure ride. The traveling salesman does a full day's work, up until the evening shadows have lengthened into darkness, before he heads his automobile for home. Those of us who have held high offices in a Department of The American Legion, which necessitates attending meetings in every section of the State re-

quiring hours and hours of night driving, can readily appreciate the need of 'safe highways' as well as 'safe automobiles.'

"It seems to me that any discussion of street and highway safety leads naturally into the subject of street and highway lighting—a highly effective measure which may be adopted to eliminate the extra hazard of night driving. Lighting the highways will bring about a marked reduction in the number of accidents and

THE Illinois Legion Safety Committee is attacking the highway safety problem from a new angle. Light the highways and conserve lives, says Past Department Commander Matthew J. Murphy, who led the crusade for safety last year

fatalities. Last year the Illinois Department Safety Committee, headed by Dr. Hart E. Fisher, made this program one of the first objectives in safety. At the recent Department Convention, when the safety program for the next year was adopted, the recommendation was made that all streets and highways be improved with efficient lighting so as to bring day visibility to night driving as far as possible.

"It is known that with the coming of darkness, when highway traffic is only twenty-five percent of the total traffic, the accident toll increases. While only forty-eight percent of all motor vehicle accidents occur at night, the total of the night accidents accounts for sixty percent of the deaths.

"Of the total 15,765 vehicle accidents on the streets and highways of Illinois last year, 7,531—approximately fifty percent—occurred between the hours of 6 P. M. and 6 A. M. Standing alone, these figures would indicate that accidents are happening with equal frequency under daylight driving conditions, but when it is realized that the volume of traffic at night is only twenty-five percent of the twenty-four hour total, it is easy to see that the ratio at night is all out of proportion. With three out of four vehicles off the streets and highways at night, there still are as many accidents as during

the daylight hours. It is the night hazard!

"Lighting of heavily trafficked arterial highways for their entire length and illumination of secondary roads at critical points where accidents are liable to occur is extremely important. In proof of this statement may be cited the experience of Detroit, which recently announced that \$3,000,000 would be expended for improved street lighting to replace obsolete installations. This followed a test installation on three modern street lighting projects. Before the new lights were placed there had been forty night automobile fatalities on these streets within a two and one-half year period. The record for the first four months after the modern lighting system was installed was completely free of night-driving fatalities.

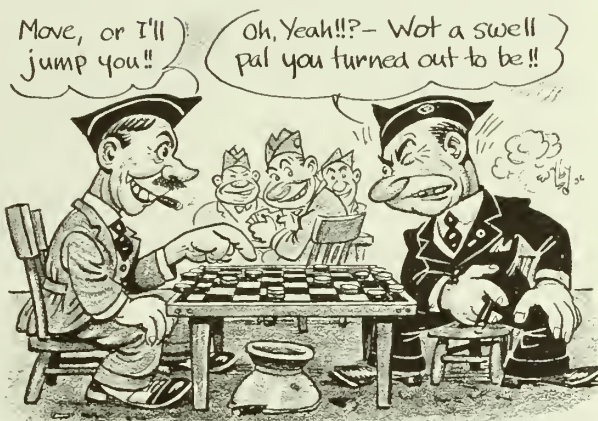
"In Illinois engineering experts have estimated the cost of satisfactory highway lighting installation at less than ten percent of the initial construction cost of a four-lane highway. Estimates are cited to show that adequate lighting of public streets and highways is not too expensive to consider from the viewpoint of its value as a definite public improvement, when it is realized that the economic loss attributable to automobile accidents each year in the State of Illinois runs into the millions.

"The Legion's campaign for lighting the highways was carried to the State Legislature last year, when the Safety Committee petitioned that body to give consideration to the subject. The result was the adoption by unanimous vote in both Houses of a resolution introduced by

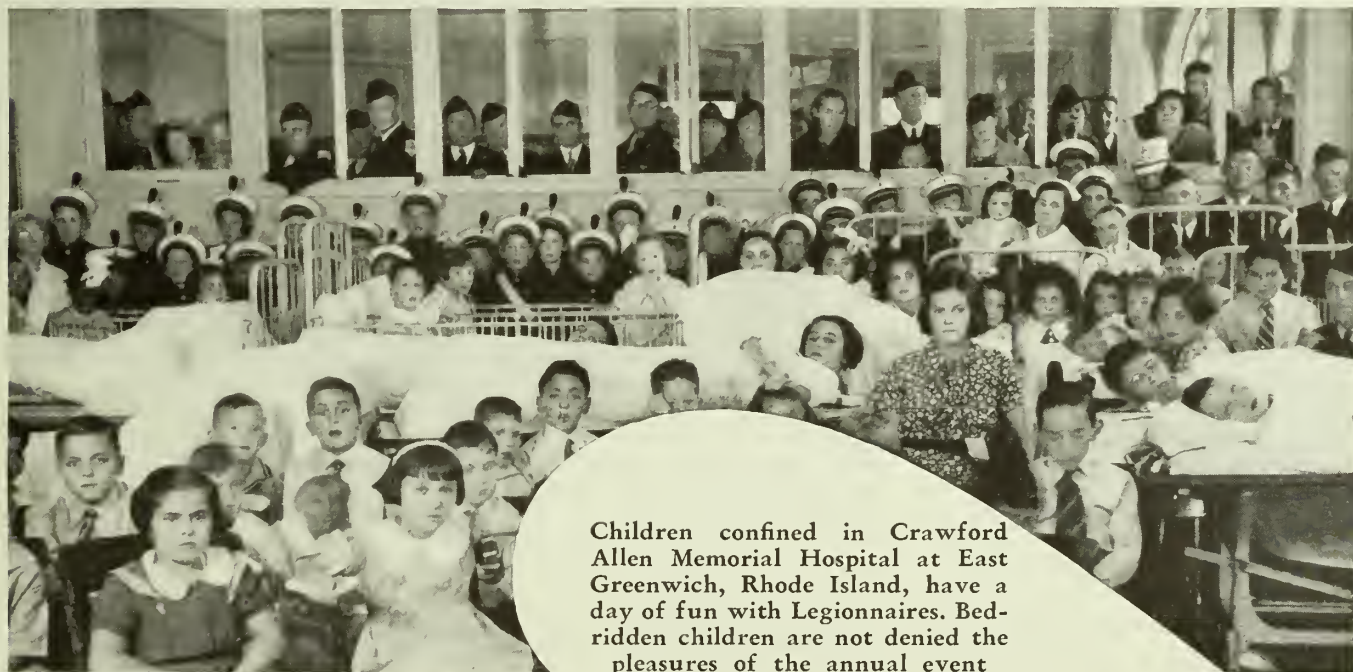
Representative Richard J. Daley of Chicago, approving the project and calling upon the proper highway authorities to give study and attention to the proposed system.

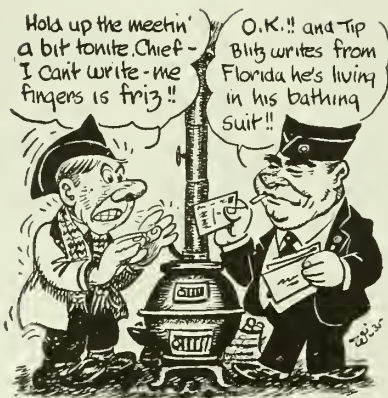
"The Legion has specifically recommended to Illinois authorities that State Highway No. 66 be improved with proper illumination. This thoroughfare was selected because it presents an outstanding example of a highway heavily traveled and where the night death rate is very high. Properly illuminated, it may serve as a model highway.

"Only recently has much data been available on the effect of adequate lighting on the night automobile accident rate. But every recent inquiry has shown that installation of night lighting has reduced tremendously the number of automobile accidents. Arnold H. Vey, traffic engineer of New Jersey, has made a constructive analysis of day and night



accidents on a well lighted and heavily traveled section of Route No. 24 and on a lightly traveled, but unlighted, section of Route No. 26. On the first—the lighted route—the accident rate per million vehicle miles was 3.10 by day and 2.61





at night. On the unlighted route the average for three sections was 2.50 by day and 8.00 at night. Another striking example is had in the accident records on the Mt. Vernon Memorial Highway, which indicated a 250 percent increase in night accidents with lights out of service as compared with the rate for an equal period when lights were used.

"The Safety Committee of the Department of Illinois carries on a year-round safety campaign with an organization that reaches into each Legion post and almost every community. Dr. Fisher, chairman, saw to it last year that Legionnaires with experience in industrial or highway accident prevention were drafted for committee service and as speakers at public meetings. Every Legion unit safety committee is a vehicle for the dissemination of safety education. Public discussions were sponsored and encouraged, visomatic sound films were used by Posts or furnished by Legion Headquarters for public showings, motion pictures pertaining to street and highway safety were utilized, safety literature was distributed, and contests for the best contributions on accident prevention were sponsored.

"The publicity program of the Illinois safety campaign included radio talks, addresses by safety experts before public meetings, illustrated lectures and widespread newspaper and poster publicity. School boys' safety patrols were organized and communities were urged to observe accident prevention day.

"In its legislative work, the Safety Committee did not confine itself to the lighting program, but recommended to the General Assembly and sponsored bills calling for uniform motor vehicle

laws among the States, a standard drivers' license law and a standard financial responsibility act. The program for the new year urges the enactment of a drivers' license law and a uniform traffic code for Illinois and adjacent States, adoption

of standard procedure by municipalities with reference to methods of traffic regulations, police handling of accident cases, and full co-operation of police and courts in the enforcement of traffic laws.

"Hundreds of millions of dollars have been expended and hundreds of scientists have given years of time to the task of discovering and developing new means to prolong human life or to cure those suffering from disease. When we think of this enormous expenditure of time and money spent for this worthy purpose, the few millions being spent to check the annual massacre of thousands in automobile accidents seems trivial. Approximately thirty-five thousand each year is

Legion Hospital Day

HOSPITAL day is observed by hundreds of Posts of the Legion in their own way, and in a broader way by all Posts during national hospital week, but to the maimed and crippled children in Crawford Allen Memorial Hospital at East Greenwich, Rhode Island, it means the day when the members of East Greenwich Post turn out to give them a day of fun. The closest co-operation exists between the Post and the hospital, but that one day is Legion Day when the children are feted and the day is topped with mountains of ice cream and fountains of soda. The event is popular and is



It took a far-sighted vision, willing spirits and a lot of elbow grease to transform an abandoned freight shed into the splendid building shown in the lower picture. Charles Faust Post at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, did it. They now have not only a home built with their own hands, but in addition a public playground for children

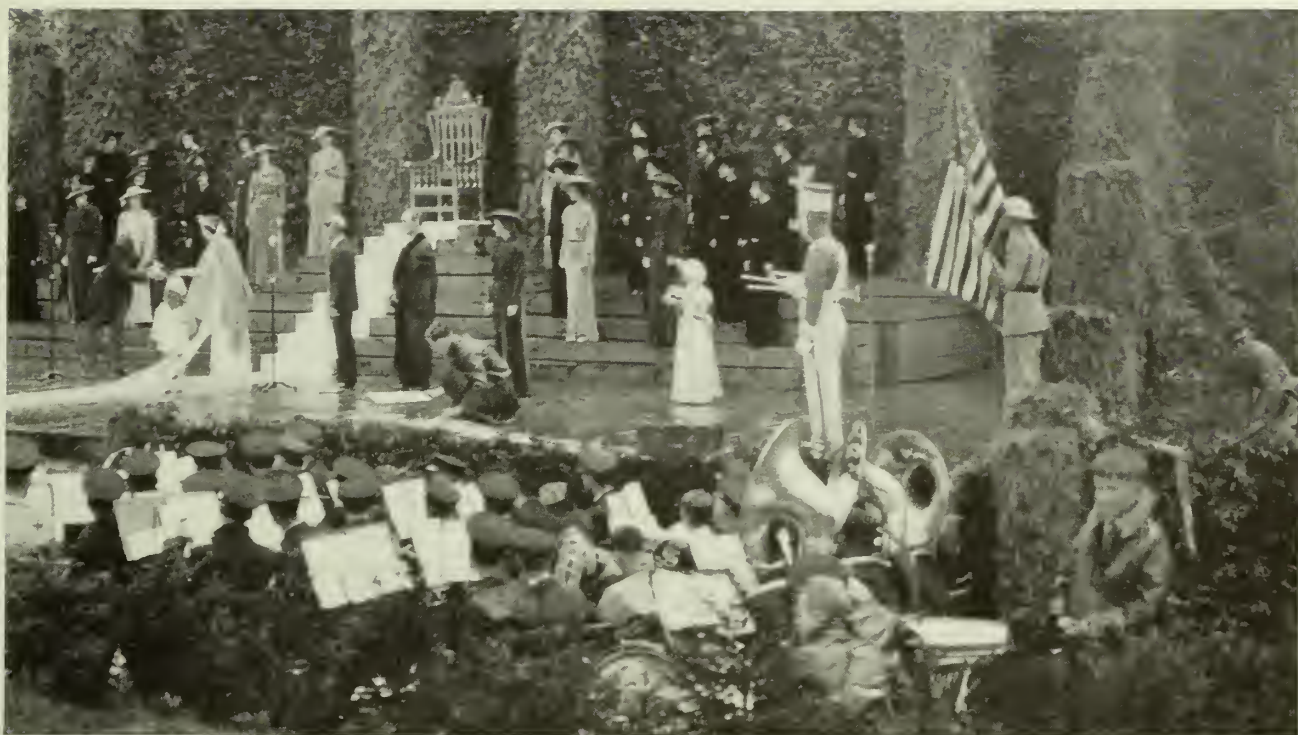
the toll. Human life can just as well be conserved by safe highways, made safe by mass education of motorists and pedestrians, including school children, in the safe manner of using streets and roads; impartial enforcement of traffic laws; uniform traffic regulations, and removal of physical traffic hazards. And, in addition to the four points enumerated, we in the Department of Illinois think it logical that, in its nation-wide campaign for accident prevention, The American Legion well may consider the elimination of darkness on highways as its fifth front of attack."

looked forward to by the children who are undergoing treatment at the hospital, some for a long period of years.

At the most recent affair the Post provided a kiddies' review staged by professional actors. The junior drum corps of William Shields, Jr., Post of Conimicut put on an exhibition drill. They were recalled several times by the children.

East Greenwich Post is also a member of the Club of Ambulance Donors. Their ambulance, which is now nearing its 700th trip, serves the Crawford Allen





Queen Silvia meets her loyal subjects at the annual Mountain State Forest Festival at Elkins, West Virginia—the great fall event in the Alleghany highlands—in which the members of H. W. Daniels Post have a prominent part

Memorial Hospital as well as other hospitals in the area.

Before and After

CHARLES FAUST POST of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, has a new home. It is a real Legion home, one that each member can take pride in, because it is a creation of their own hands. It's not a club house built by a contractor. It was an old package freight shed, a community eyesore and fire hazard, now converted into a handsome structure. And thereby hangs a tale.

The old abandoned freight shed together with one and one-third acres of land, comprising a long, narrow strip extending nearly two city blocks along a main thoroughfare, was deeded to Charles Faust Post on January 1, 1934, writes Vice Commander L. C. Croy. At the rear of the property ran a section of the gorge of Cuyahoga River which is now, through the efforts of the Post, a public park.

Soon after the property was taken over the members of the Post set to work to improve it. Excavation for the basement required the removal of more than 1,000

cubic yards of dirt. The front wall was removed to the outside of the platform, the old shed underwent a face-lifting and pepping up. A balcony was constructed across the entire length of the rear of the building, and stones were hauled a distance of fifteen miles for the veneer. All this was possible because members of the Post turned out to work on the club house on spare days, holidays, nights and sometimes on Sunday. The building costs were held to a minimum, including both materials and such labor as had to be paid for. Like a great many other Posts, the treasury of Charles Faust



Post was never at any time bulging with funds, but when the Post moved into their new club house it was nearly debt free. Expenses had been met as the work on the building progressed, by holding a number of outings and parties.

The new home is a thing of beauty. Its interior arrangement is well designed to serve the purpose for which it was intended. On the main floor is a ball room, which also serves for meetings and large gatherings, with a great stone fireplace at each end. The canteen is in the basement, where is also located the room used by the drum and bugle corps, a kitchen large enough to prepare food for a banquet for 250 persons, and the boiler room for the steam heating system. The grounds around (Continued on page 62)



Navy Post, St. Louis, Missouri, has a soft ball team that is a team. It won the city championship for the second time with a loss of but one game during the season. Old timers in athletics do their stuff for Navy on the soft ball field

An ECHO from



FOR some of the folks back home, much of the deepest tragedy of the war was derived from two phrases too often contained in official government messages. "Wounded in action—hospital unknown;" "Missing in action"—so they read.

In the turmoil of battle, it had to be expected that errors would occur, but happily many of the men thus reported were later found and eventually returned to their families. Many of those not so discovered rest now, like the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery, under stones inscribed "Here Rests in Honored Glory an American Soldier Known But to God."

A dozen years ago, through the splendid co-operation of fellow Legionnaires, we were able to assist the Office of the Quartermaster General in locating many of the then still missing bodies of our war dead and in identifying those that had been found. The work of that War Department office is continuing.

As was true of the American Army, so it was, tenfold over, with the armies of our Allies and of the Central Powers. Now, again through the interest of a

Legionnaire, we have been able to end the uncertainty of the wife and children of a German soldier who for eighteen years had been unable to ascertain his fate. The solving of the problem began in February of last year when Legionnaire Frank Parks, ex-private in Battery D, 309th Field Artillery, 78th Division, sent us a small snapshot print (an enlarged reproduction of which appears on this page), with the following letter:

"I am enclosing a photo of two German children found near the body of a German soldier who was buried with twenty-eight others in a single grave. Who are the children and where are they now? The German soldiers were buried up beyond where the Lost Battalion was relieved in the Argonne Forest, and if I remember rightly, the 82d Division cleaned up around there. You may use the print as you see fit, as it may clear up the death of this soldier."

That seemed like quite a large assignment. This department, however, has frequently received good assistance from the German veterans' organization in returning to German soldiers other souvenirs which our men had picked up on the battle-fields. We also receive copies of the monthly publication of the society. So we wrote a letter to Dr. Alfred Dick, an officer of the organization, enclosing the snapshot print and suggesting that if possible he have the picture reproduced in his magazine with the information we had regarding where it had been found. That letter went to the doctor in Berlin, Germany, in March, 1936.

When the May issue of the German magazine came to our desk, we found that a small cut of the picture appeared in the department devoted to helping disabled veterans, with a notice that, roughly translated, was as follows: "ARGONNE FOREST. Who recognizes this picture,



In the fall of 1918 this snapshot was found by an American soldier in the Argonne Forest near the body of a fallen German soldier. It was successfully returned to his widow in Germany in May, 1936

found near the body of a fallen German soldier in the Argonne? The finder, an English front soldier, desires that the picture be returned to the family of the German comrade." The "English" should, of course, have read "American."

THUS the first steps were taken, but we figured there was one chance in thousands that the picture would find its way back to its owner. Our surprise was great, therefore, when within ten days after receiving the magazine, a letter came from Dr. Dick with this good news:

"Already Mrs. Hedwig Kling, an associate worker of our association in Württemberg, has sent us a letter in which she enclosed a picture of her two children—the same two who appear in the snapshot you sent to me.

"Thus the mother of the two children has been found. I wrote her immediately that Comrade Frank Parks of East Rochester, New York, had found the picture and where and when. . . .

"Of course, I rejoice with you that it



the ARGONNE



Here are the same boy and girl, Theodor and Elfriede Kling, brother and sister, photographed in the same garden in Germany in 1935. Theodor today is in Canada, Elfriede in her homeland

was possible to locate the relatives so quickly. It goes without saying that we shall always be ready to help you from here."

Some months went by and then in the April, 1937, issue of the German veterans' magazine we again saw the picture of the two small children—and alongside of it another snapshot of the same two taken in 1935 when they were grown to young manhood and young womanhood. We learned then that the boy was Theodor Kling, born in June, 1907, and the girl Elfriede, born in December, 1914—a few short months after the World War had started.

The pictures illustrated a story of the return of the wartime snapshot, from which we extract the following:

"Eighteen years the picture was lost—almost forgotten by the family. Taken in 1918, it was sent by Mrs. Hedwig Kling to her husband in the field. His company at the time lay in the Argonne Forest, and it was here during the same year that Hermann Kling fell in battle. At first he was reported to have been

wounded, hospital unknown—then as missing. For years Mrs. Kling sought information about her husband, always asking herself, 'Does no one know, for me and my children, anything of his fate, the circumstances of his death, or his resting-place?' After eighteen years, through the contact between front soldiers, once enemies, this has been made possible. Let us hear Mrs. Hedwig Kling, herself, speak:

"On May 1, 1936, something wonderful occurred. I wanted to read our Kriegs-oster paper and like all women, I started at the back and my glance immediately fell upon the bold-face type notice: Argonne Forest. My first thought was that possibly now I could learn something about my husband. I read further and then immediately recognized

my children in the picture that I had sent to my husband in the field and

that had given him so much happiness.

"I had to get a grip on myself before I could read more. That was again a sad day for me and yet with all my sorrow, the happy thought came that I might now find out something about him. Now I knew that American soldiers had buried my husband and one had found this little picture alongside of him and kept it for eighteen years. I am unable to express proper thanks, and I wish I were rich enough so that I might visit this man, talk with him and thank him personally. Perhaps it may be possible for my son to do so.

"I want to thank the veterans' organization in America as well as the one in Berlin."

"Mrs. Kling immediately wrote to her son, who was living in Canada, about receiving the picture. He intends to look up the American comrade, on behalf of his mother. The honorable enemy and the son of a fallen German front soldier will probably meet each other, far from the Argonne Forest, in a city in the United



A tragic ending to a leave party of Third Division men was this motor truck accident at Mayen, Germany, in the spring of 1919. Local soldiers helped in the rescue from the creek bed into which the truck had fallen



At the end of the carline, the Post Exchange and Post Theater in Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, did a capacity business during training days

States! Perhaps they will talk of the days of 1917 and 1918. . . .

"In the meantime, a picture will be sent to the American veteran of the same two children, taken in the very same spot in the same garden, in 1935.

"After eighteen years, a small picture becomes a symbol of the peaceful understanding between enemies of yesterday and of the love of peace of the veterans of the World War of 1914-1918."

We learned through another letter from Dr. Dick that Theodor Kling, the boy in the picture, was employed as a brewery engineer (as we interpret it) in Canada, while his sister, Elfriede, is now a kindergarten teacher in Brissago, Tessin. When and if Theodor Kling visits Comrade Frank A. Parks of East Rochester, New York, who started this interesting chain of circumstances, we expect to tell you about it.

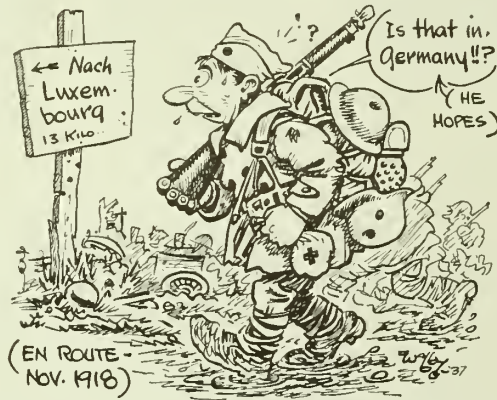
CONSIDERATION of war casualties seldom includes any thought of deaths other than those of actual battle, except possibly deaths from disease. Of the 123,635 American casualties during the World War, 62,964 of our men died of disease, and strangely enough, there were 4,531 men who lost their lives in accidents. Prominent among the accidents were several bad train wrecks, while motor truck accidents were also not uncommon.

We always considered it particularly tragic that so many men who had gone through battles unscathed met death through disease or other causes after the Armistice. Emil Schnaider, member of Edwin Denby Post, who lives at 7730 Whipple Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, reports one such accident that he saw. He tells this of a truck accident, of which he also sent the picture that is shown on the preceding page:

"My outfit, the 413th Motor Supply Train, Motor Truck Company No. 432, was stationed in Mayen, Germany, from December, 1918, to June, 1919. A few

of us soldiers were standing on the bridge one day in the spring of 1919, while off duty, when a truck carrying men of the Third Division who were going on furlough, crashed through the stone railing of the bridge and dropped into the stream.

"The truck was coming down one of those narrow steep roads that were common in the Rhineland, the driver failed to make a right-hand turn into the bridge, possibly due to some mechanical defect, and the truck crashed through. We were within twenty feet of where it went over. It turned over and landed on its top in the bottom of the stream. We called for help and then hurried down into the creek, turned the truck up onto its side and pulled the men from underneath. Some other soldiers and civilians carried



them to the road where they were picked up and taken to a hospital.

"I don't remember how many men were killed and injured because after we got the truck on its side, as in the picture, and got the men out, we hurried to our billets and changed clothes, as we were pretty wet. I wonder if any of the men who were in this accident or helped to get out the injured will see this. I would like to hear from them. Our outfit was composed of men from almost every section of our country and from Alaska. We were organized at Camp Joseph E. Johnston, near Jacksonville, Florida."

FOOD and entertainment loomed large in the lives of soldiers no matter where they might have been stationed. That's why we think all of the Gang will enjoy the picture of a post theater and post exchange that Bill Mitchell of Charlotte (North Carolina) Post, on the staff of The Observer Printing House of that city, sent to us, and which we show to you. Rather a modest layout compared to some of the city-like streets of shops and banks and theaters and movie houses and barber establishments that some camps boasted, but it brings up fond memories.

After Bill sent the picture, we asked him to tell us something about it and about his experiences and he came back



Five-foot-even C.P.O. Ralston poses with his pal, six-foot-six C.P.O. Butler at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, 1918

with a letter which we should like to pass on to you in full if space permitted. Here is a good bit of Bill's letter, anyway:

"Here's the dope on the canteen and picture show at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, of which I sent you a picture. My recollection of the Post Exchange is fair but frankly I recall very little about the Post Theater. I did go to this show occasionally but memory is faint.

"The setup in the picture was located just at the entrance gate of the Fort—at the end of the carline, the bottle neck through which all troops stationed at Chickamauga 'went to town.' Fort Oglethorpe was a nucleus around which were built several camps in the Chickamauga National Park. The Sixth Division was formed there and on its departure that portion of the camp was turned into an Engineer Training Camp. The Medical Officers Training Camp, organized early in the war, was located a little to the left and back of the buildings in the picture. (Continued on page 63)

FREE!

TO LEGION POSTS...

SEE "THE LEGION MARCHES ON"

— an unedited, full-length, 45-minute
News Reel of the New York Convention!



It's not too late to enjoy the New York Convention! Now—in the comfort of your own Post Headquarters you can see it as it really was!

Hiram Walker is proud to present to its friends in the American Legion an exclusive newsreel of the pranks, the high spots, and the good-natured fun that took place when the boys took over the Big Town!

Those of you who made the trip... here's your chance to enjoy the Convention all over again.

And here's actual evidence for the home-staying buddies who don't believe all your stories about the crowds in Times Square... Coney Island... the

40 & 8 parade... Madison Square Garden... 42nd Street... the swell police force that turned the town over to you!

"The Legion Marches On" was "shot" especially for you by special camera experts. It is completely candid... because it's not "edited". It runs a full 45 min-

utes—and is absolutely free. And if we're any judge, there's a lot more than 45 minutes of fun for every Legionnaire who sees this film.

Presented with the good wishes and compliments of

Hiram Walker
& SONS, INC., PEORIA, ILL.

FREE!

This film will be circulated for private Legion Post showings with the compliments of Hiram Walker

HOOSEGOW HERMAN'S XMAS

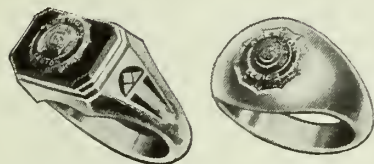
Thinking Was Fatal to the Pride of Post Number 13

By Wallgren



Xmas

GIFT SUGGESTIONS



RING AL 10

RING AL 65

AL-10—10-K yellow gold ring, with 10-K midget emblem superimposed on black onyx stone mounting. Price.....\$11.00

AL-65—Sterling (solid) silver ring, with 10-K midget Legion emblem. Plain Gypsy type mounting. Price.....\$3.00



RING AL 5

RING AL 15

AL-5—Sterling (solid) silver ring of heavy, massive design, with 10-K gold Legion emblem superimposed on black onyx stone mounting. An unusual ring. Price....\$7.50

AL-15—10-K yellow gold ring with 10-K midget Legion emblem enameled in colors, with hand-carved eagles. Our most popular ring. Price.....\$12.50

NOTE: In ordering rings, be sure to specify size.



BELT AND BUCKLE SET No. 40—Sterling (solid) hammered silver buckle with three cut-out initials and separately applied gold-plated Legion emblem in colors. Genuine cowhide 1½" leather belt. In ordering be sure to specify belt color and size and three initials. One week delivery. *No C. O. D. orders.* Price, complete.....\$3.50

BELT AND BUCKLE SET No. 201—Sterling (solid) silver buckle with three cut-out initials and separately applied gold-plated Legion emblem in colors. Genuine cowhide 1½" leather belt. In ordering be sure to specify belt color and size and three initials. One week delivery—*No C.O.D. orders.* Price per set, complete.....\$3.50



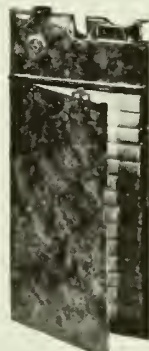
Here is a distinguished group of Legion Christmas gift suggestions, each of which is an outstanding value. Carefully selected for utility, beauty and acceptability, any one of these gifts would provide an almost everlasting source of pleasure and satisfaction, and in addition, would serve as a daily reminder of your thoughtfulness and good-will. Christmas delivery assured if you act promptly!



UNIQUE ASH TRAY



LIGHTER L-756



CASE WITH LIGHTER



SUPER-CHROME ASH TRAY



LIGHTER L-836

UNIQUE ASH TRAY (upper left)—Approximately 4" square, 2¾" high, mahogany finish, with Legion emblem in colors. Special paper cup fillers treated with deodorant which entirely eliminates odors. Price, postpaid.....\$1.00

LIGHTER L-756 (lower left) — Watch dial case, non-tarnishing chromium finish, black French enamel front. Gold-plated emblem enameled in full colors. Price, complete.....\$2.00

COMBINATION CIGARETTE CASE with Lighter No. W-1200... (center)—Very thin model, holding 15 cigarettes in single row. Non-tarnishing chromium finish. Simulated burl maple French enamel front and back. Gold-plated Legion emblem enameled in colors. Price complete.....\$5.95

LIGHTER No. L-836 (lower right)—Non-tarnishing chromium finish. Hammered engine-turned design. Gold-plated Legion emblem beautifully enameled in colors. Price complete.....\$1.25

SUPER-CHROME ASH TRAY (upper right)—4" in diameter, 2½" high, chrome finish with Legion emblem in colors. Special paper cup fillers treated with deodorant which entirely eliminates odors. Price, complete.....\$1.00

DIAMOND SET JEWELRY



MEMBERSHIP BUTTON



CHARM AL-11



CHARM AL-14

MEMBERSHIP BUTTON (left)—Midget size, with 3-point diamond in center. Price, 10-K gold....\$7.00 14-K gold....\$7.75

CHARM AL-11 (center)—10-K gold with black enamel background and Grecian border. Small size Legion emblem carries 3-point diamond in center. Price complete, (white, green or yellow gold—be sure to specify) 10-K gold.....\$11.00

CHARM AL-14 (right)—10-K gold, double faced charm, with 3-point full cut diamond mounted in center of front emblem. Price, complete.....\$8.75

SEND ALL ORDERS TO
EMBLEM DIVISION

1237

National Headquarters THE AMERICAN LEGION • Indianapolis, Indiana



AUTO ROBES—Pure virgin wool, authentic Scotch plaid, fringed ends, size 52" wide by 72" long. Legion emblem is beautifully embroidered in colors. Grade 1 (heavy).....\$9.50
Grade 2 (same quality but slightly lighter in weight).....\$7.50



JACKET No. 750-Z—Cossack style, zipper fastener. Made of dark blue all wool heavy Melton cloth, with genuine oak leather sleeves. Beautifully tailored and excellent fitting. The Legion emblem is beautifully embroidered in colors. Made in all standard sizes or chest measurements. When ordering, be sure to specify size. One week delivery. Price, complete as illustrated.....\$8.75



SWEATER 901-V—All wool, slip-over type, Shaker knit, full fashioned and heavily reinforced. American Legion blue, trimmed in gold. The Legion emblem is beautifully embroidered in colors. In ordering, be sure to give size or chest measurement. Price, complete as illustrated... \$7.50



LEGION SHIRTS AND TIES—Legion shirts, military style, with shoulder straps and bellows pockets. Smart, perfectly styled and made of finest quality materials. Collar ornaments are silk embroidered and buttons are heavily gold-plated and beautifully enameled in colors. In ordering be sure to specify neck size and sleeve length.

TIES—Pure silk, with silk embroidered emblem.
White shirt, complete, (without tie).....\$2.75
Blue shirt, complete (without tie).....2.95
Tie, with emblem, (gold, black or blue)60

Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



THE young man was winding up a whirlwind courtship with a final plea. "Dearest," he said, "I love you so much. True, I'm not rich like Henry Alexander Throttlewad; I have no fine mansion, no fine cars, but, oh, dear, I love you! I love you!"

The girl edged closer, their lips met. She whispered:

"I love you, too, sweetheart; but where is this man Henry Alexander Throttlewad?"

CHIEF of Police James F. O'Neil of Manchester, New Hampshire, member of the National Americanism Commission, is telling one about a newly appointed police chief who had been invited to address the local Parent-Teachers' Association on the subject of juvenile delinquency. All day he had been rehearsing his speech and went home feeling full of authority on the subject until his wife told him their nine-year-old son had had a fit of temper in which he had kicked a panel out of the front door. Being an old fashioned father, he took the lad to his room and applied the strap. Between sobs, the young man commented:

"Just like a cop! Why don't you fight with your fists?"

COMRADE Milton Stern of Reville Post, New York, tells the story of the co-ed at the football game. Her school was losing and the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"I'll kiss those tears away," said her escort.

He did the best he knew how, but the tears still flowed on. Finally he asked, "Will nothing stop them?"

"No," she murmured. "It's asthma, but go on with the treatment."



IT WAS early morning after the New York Convention parade, and a tired, weary Legionnaire sat at a table in a Broadway restaurant. Approaching him, a waitress said:

"Order, please!"

There was no response.

"Order, please!" This time the waitress was shouting.

The worn Legionnaire looked up through weary eyes and said:

"Order, my eye! I'm not making any noise!"

ACCORDING to Walter F. Hayes, Vallejo Post, California, an old preacher in a rural community decided that his church had been all too long in a state of lethargy. He decided to arouse his congregation and accordingly started his next sermon by saying:

"Our congregation must wake up! We have been standing still long enough. We've got to walk!"

One of the deacons cried out: "Amen, parson!"

"But," the preacher continued, "not only must we walk—we must run."

"Amen, parson!" shouted the deacon.

"Thank you, deacon, thank you! I hope all my people feel that way, but we've got to do better than run—we've got to fly!"

"Amen! Let us fly!" approved the deacon.

"It's all right to talk about walking, and to talk about running," went on the preacher, "but if we fly, we've got to have more money in the treasury of the church!"

"Amen!" said the deacon. "Let us walk."



FROM down in Biloxi, Mississippi, Comrade N. J. Goddard sends the one about an old man from the country buying a ham sandwich at a booth at the country fair. When handed the sandwich, the old man couldn't see signs of any meat, so he lifted the top piece of bread and gingerly picked the sliver of ham between his fingers and held it up to the counter man, saying:

"Do you slice the ham here?"

"Sure. What about it?"

"Well," said the old man, "I was just thinking you darned nigh missed it that time."

AND in this day and age there are stories like the one W. Woodward Cook, former Department Adjutant of Maryland, just sent in. Three little girls were playing with their dolls. Their ages were three, four and five. The five-year-old said:

"If I had my life to live over again, I'd never eat spinach."

The four-year-old said, "I wouldn't ever take any castor oil."

The three-year-old kept busy with her dolls and said nothing. Finally one of the others asked her what she would do.

"If I had my life to live over," said the little girl, "I would want to be a bottle baby, so I wouldn't get cigarette ashes in my eyes when I was nursing."



CHAMBER of Commerce Secretary C. H. Richardson, of Sandusky, Ohio, sends us the one about a boy who was asked by his history teacher to tell

the story of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh.

"Well," said the movie-nurtured modern boy, "the queen was hopping out of her taxi, and Sir Walter Raleigh spread his coat in front of her and said, 'Step on it, baby.'"

LEGIONNAIRE C. N. Frank, of Lesueur, Minnesota, writes that he recently took his young daughter to the movies. He occupied a seat near the middle of the theater, while the young lady went down in the front row to join some other children. The news reel was showing a raging forest fire, which evidently frightened the little girl and she came back to take a seat beside her father.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Did the fire frighten you?"

"Oh, no!" she replied. "The smoke got in my eyes."

LEGIONNAIRE G. L. SIX of Cincinnati reminds us that as Christmas is approaching it might be well to revive the one about the lady who went to the clerk in the tobacco store and said:

"I want some cigars for my husband for Christmas."

"What kind, madam?"

"Well, I don't know exactly, but he is a middle-aged man and always dresses in black."

FROM Brooklyn, John D. McGreevey, Ex-buck of Co. C, 106th Infantry, writes that on the way home in December, 1918, a bunch of the boys were discussing the hardships of war. One soldier in the group had remained silent thru the conversation, until he was asked:

"What you been doing, buddy?"

"Buildin' warehouses."

"Pretty soft, eh?"

"Soft hell! I had to sleep outside the warehouse three nights!"



LITTLE Roy came home crying.

"What's the matter, son?" his dad asked.

"John hit me."

"Well, why didn't you hit him back?"

"Because," sobbed the boy, "it would have been his turn then to hit me."

Outdoor Advertising Assn.



New Legion Poster for 1938

Focuses Public Attention on the critical accident front!

★ It depicts a school patrol lad, typical of the thousands of American boys who are enlisted in this traffic safety offensive, standing in an automobile lane protecting the lives of smaller children on the way to the schoolroom. The silhouette phalanx in the background portrays the strength of the entire American Legion supporting this program for "Making America Safe."

Such is the message of the 1938 Legion Poster. Handsomely lithographed in colors, it tells the story of The American Legion forcefully, completely, at a glance.

★ Posters will be ready for thirty thousand outdoor panels the first of November, through the co-operation of the Outdoor Advertising Association of America, Inc., if your Post does its part and orders the required number early. Take this order blank to your next Post meeting and get action on it. The National Organization of The American Legion has officially adopted the above design and has authorized the Morgan Lithograph Co., Cleveland, O., to make, sell and distribute all Legion posters, display cards and windshield stickers bearing such design.

----- ORDER BLANK—REMITTANCE, PAYABLE TO THE MORGAN LITHOGRAPH CO., MUST ACCOMPANY THIS ORDER -----
MORGAN LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO.1937

Please enter our order for..... posters @ \$1.00 each delivered. Check or money order for \$..... enclosed.
..... window cards @ 6c each delivered. (Minimum order 20 cards.)
..... windshield stickers @ 3c each delivered. (Minimum order 50 stickers.)

.....Post Ship posters to local poster plant owner:
No.....Dept. of.....Name.....
Street.....Street.....
City.....City.....State.....

Post Adjutant or Commander

Approval of Local Poster Plant Owner

DECEMBER, 1937

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

FRONT and CENTER



DOUGHBOYS AND OTHERS

To the Editor: In reference to the article by Past National Commander Colmery in the October issue, beg to call to his attention his statement that "our own doughboys" stopped the drive in the spring of 1918. As a former member of the Fifth Regiment, United States Marine Corps, which was a part of the famous Second Division and really stopped the drive on Paris between May 31st and July 9, 1918, I would suggest that his statement read: "The United States Marines and doughboys." It is also a known fact that the greater number of casualties at Château-Thierry and in this drive were Marines.—LEON W. GOULD, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

* * *

To the Editor: Re the remarks under the picture of the Navy Memorial in Brest in the October number, I think you are not fair to the men who helped us doughboys so much. You say "the harbor that saw hundreds of thousands of doughboys arrive in France." I was a doughboy for some twenty-five years and am glad to have them get all the credit they are entitled to. But I do think (and am sure most doughboys, both officers and enlisted men, will agree with me) that the other branches of the service besides the Infantry are entitled to some credit for what our Army did in France.—H. DOREY, *Major General Retired, Joe Boland Post, Boerne, Tex.*

VENEREAL DISEASE CONTROL

To the Editor: Eighteen years have elapsed since most of us were discharged from the Army, where G. O. 45 was known to all of us. We know how effective the method was. Less than one percent of the soldiers returning from overseas contracted venereal infections and less than one-half of one percent contracted syphilis, while in the general population our syphilis rate is supposed to be from five to twelve percent.

Venereal disease control depends solely on acquainting the public with the information known to the medical profession and to public health officials.

We believe the best opportunity for case finding comes with the pregnant mother who presents herself for later confinement; this is accomplished by taking a Wassermann test.

We do not believe in the efficacy of compulsory reporting in this country. Treatment costs about \$80 for material, requires from two to two and a half years of largely weekly visits, the costs for the entire treatment being about \$500 to the patient of usual income.

Prophylaxis has hardly been discussed.

We realize we cannot have prophylactic stations, but the druggists can and do supply the material at nominal cost—twenty-five to thirty-five cents a package. There should be now in the United States eight or ten million sons of veterans of the World War of an age where there is danger of infection. With them there should be opportunity to tell about prophylaxis and the avoiding of many infections of the venereal diseases.—EDWIN HENRY SCHORER, M. D., *Director, City Health Department, Lester Conboy Post, Kansas City, Mo.*

NOT ON THE BOOKS

To the Editor: I am just a little older than the average Legionnaire (past sixty) and have been selling printing—match books, business cards, order books, business and professional stationery—for the past year, but I still have my first order from a fellow Legionnaire coming. The work I sell is the best and prices are the lowest possible; it is something everyone in business needs, but my books don't contain the name of a single buddy. I'm not kicking, but I believe with previous correspondents that Legionnaires should help each other when and wherever possible, especially if this can be done at no extra cost or inconvenience.—MAURICE F. HEPNER, *Milwaukee, Wis.*

SAFETY—1918 AND 1938

To the Editor: Twenty years ago we were trying to make the world safe for democracy. Today let's make the world safe from the automobile. As you did your bit then, do it now by safe driving—and careful walking.—A. L. POTTER, *Wellington, Kan.*

CORRECTING THE RECORD

To the Editor: I was very much interested in reading the account of the adoption of shoulder insignia by the combat divisions during the summer of 1918, as found in the September issue. Explaining how this practice, which became very popular in all of the divisions, originated, we read: "But how many know that the 81st Division is credited with being mainly responsible for the adoption of shoulder insignia?" This query is followed with the further declaration: "When the 81st sailed for France in

Because of space demands, letters quoted in this department (responsibility for statements in which is vested in the writers and not in this magazine) are subject to abridgement.

August, 1918, every man was wearing a wildcat in cloth on the sleeve of his uniform."

This may be quite true, but I want to ask: How many know that the 367th Infantry of the 92d Division, under command of Colonel James A. Moss, at Camp Upton, New York, adopted the buffalo as its insignia early in November of 1917, and that by Thanksgiving of that year every man of the regiment was wearing a black buffalo in red cloth background at the shoulder of his left sleeve?

Well, that is how and when our outfit became known as the Buffalo Regiment. And shortly afterward the buffalo, the most typical American animal, was adopted as the insignia of the whole 92d Division. On June 10, 1918, when the division sailed from Hoboken, every man was wearing this on the sleeve of his uniform.

Hence if we reckon the time from the date of sailing, the buffalo antedates the wildcat by a full two months, and if we go back to the time of actual adoption, it appears that the buffalo has a greater claim for priority.—WARMOTH T. GIBBS, *2d Lieutenant, 367th Infantry; Maceo T. Alston Post, Greensboro, N. C.*

BOUQUET

To the Editor: I have just addressed the following letter to the French Government:

"I wish I knew who originated the thought of inviting the American Legionnaires to France so I could write him personally my thanks. My wife and I were your guests from October 1st through October 6th and we want you to know we appreciated every kindness. We had a nice room, nice bath, wonderful food, and the sightseeing trips out of Paris to the battlefields, château country, Versailles, etc., were not only handled efficiently but comfortably. The reception of the French people was most touching. Having been to France during the war, I, of course, had a fair understanding of your customs, but my wife had never visited your wonderful country before and she came home singing your praises . . .

"In all my contacts with French people I found them most anxious to serve me, whether gratis or something I was buying. I found your prices on everything I purchased, from entertainment to durable goods, very reasonable.

"I sincerely hope this letter will be brought to the attention of the person or persons responsible for the wonderful thought and I want everyone connected with the procedure to know that my wife and I send our most sincere thanks."—CHARLES G. THOMPSON, *Thomasston, Ga.*

Pass It On

(Continued from page 17)

Galilee, but as you start to hang onto the Son's words, Love as he meant it to be starts oozing into your heart. You begin thinking, "Who could I call up that might need cheering?" instead of "Who can I call up that might amuse ME?"

"Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden and I will give you rest." You can hear Him saying it, and that's what you want—rest. You don't know yet that when you are doing things for Him with the kind of Love He talked about, you can't get tired. I used to get so tired, just thinking about myself and what I wanted, that I spent half my time resting up so that I could start thinking about myself again.

This effusion sounds like I was still thinking a lot about myself, but I know you will believe me when I say that my only idea in writing this example of first person singular is with a hope that someone will find the happiness I have found. I think of myself in retrospect, only to compare the puniness of everything—thrills, success, or happiness—I have ever known, with my life under this New Management.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy self" is no longer a joke. I used to think I did a fair job of loving mine, but I see now that I was darned fussy about what neighborhood I was in.

"Judge not that ye be not judged"—if the average unreligious person knew what a lot of headaches that rule saves one from, many pill peddlers would be selling all-day suckers. It applies to all situations. Try it on your grouch—the phone rings, you're busy, tired, or just going out. "Who the hell is that now?" you growl. Stop and say, "Judge not that ye be not judged." You hear your own voice, saying pleasantly "Hello!" and I defy anyone who is calling to be anything but pleasant if, with sincerity, you have quoted Him in your heart.

I'm not trying to say how it's done, I'm saying that it works and I'm repeating: "According to your faith be it unto you." Anyone, adopting His rules, will see magic. The butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker, the tax collector, that crab next door—in fact everyone who has ever annoyed you gets a break, as you get yours. You suddenly begin to think what a lousy time they may be having in their jobs and what a troubled heart they may be hiding under that smirk that annoyed you. The light shines, and in its reflections are things you never saw before—beauty in things that were ugly, interest in things that were dull, peace where once there was plenty of turbulence, service where once there was a lot of talk about it. And as for that neighbor. In the real light, you can see him with neighborly eyes, instead of through a haze of ego. (Continued on page 42)



*this
Velvet taste
Sure says Howdy*

Right off the bat you can
tell it's different . . . and better.
Finest Kentucky Burley tobacco
. . . aged for mellowness and
taste . . . and flavored with pure
maple sugar.

*better
Smoking tobacco*

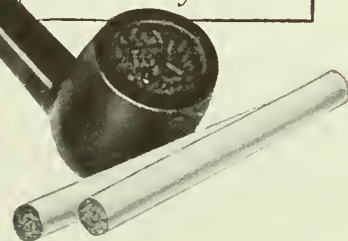


**You'll like
Velvet**

- aged-in-wood
Burley tobacco
- extra good taste
- for pipe or
cigarette

**2 full ounces
in every tin**

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LIGGETT & MYERS
TOBACCO CO



Pass It On

(Continued from page 41)

Tomorrow becomes another day that you meet with faith and a welcoming smile. If it seems to be a lousy, rainy one, you don't even judge it because you realize that you don't really know what good the rain may be doing. If you are big-hearted enough to go out in it, you can see a dozen reasons why it's raining. None of them will explain why your day has been spoiled until you can really say "Thy Will, Not Mine, Be Done." Then you become part of the rain and start singing.

"Judge not that ye be not judged" may sound ponderous, but in our language it's "Mind your own business and it will be good."

I may sound like Pollyanna on a bat, but you'll never see a miracle until you believe in them. Certainly this generation should be miracle conscious, what with talkies, radio, television, and tea in California and breakfast in New York, as I had them in May. In a mission on the shores of that same California, thousands of swallows leave on a certain date each year and return on another certain date—the Miracle of Capistrano. Visitors gape and murmur, "How do they explain it? Isn't it odd?" This visitor says, "Put a G in front of the O in odd, and all the wonders of this beautiful world are clarified."

Well, I guess it's time to tee up my halo at another angle, and tell you how the old exalted Janis has been humbled. You remember my plans—I was selling the Manor House for Charity? Well, the bank got it! If it goes into history, the bank will take the bows I planned for myself.

There is no two-timing in this happiness. I said a year ago to G.H.Q.: "Take everything from me but leave me that Light I have glimpsed." When that is said from the heart, which only He can see, all sorts of wonderful, soothing reasoning sets in. I suddenly knew that

Mother and I had put one hundred and sixty thousand bucks in that property in complete selfishness, and we had twenty years of pleasure there. Why should I be paid back money squandered, so that I might now go in for philanthropy?

You see how one self-exalting idea got abased. Abased, after all, just means taken down. When you accept it humbly, it's surprising how soon the glorifying starts.

You remember how I was coming to any town that wanted me to play a benefit for anything that needed help? Well, I've flown about the country, trying it, and no dice. The kids of this generation listen to youse guys talking about the Sweetheart of the A. E. F. and say, "Yeah? What's that? Was the A. E. F. the P. W. A. twenty years ago? Let's go and see Clark Gable or Shirley Temple."

And I'm right with them! I left the stage at forty to make way for others and, thank goodness, I have never even had a slight yen to go back. I had applause from the time I was six until I was forty. That's plenty applause, but in my first inspiration to help others, that seemed natural, as everyone was trying hard to get me to go back on the stage and take a sock.

So, fellahs, your town will get along without me unless you live near a Veterans Administration Facility. I have found my job and it isn't a job, because it isn't work—it's pleasure! The song in my heart is "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Fellahs," and I had to spend several fractured weeks in a hospital myself, to know that the one who stops by your bed with love, says "How you doin'?" and passes on, is better than the "I-ought-to-go-up-and-see-Bill" type, who makes Bill sit up and go into details of his illness.

I snap it through the wards at Sawtelle in the mornings and they think it's that

blankety-blank top sarge coming by. I call myself Epidemic Janis, but I heard out there that "Pluto" is my pet name.

A big Hello! a Cheerio! and a How-you-doin'? to the hospitals I have visited in the past year, where I've seen this magazine sharing reading honors with Wild West hair-raisers, detective stories, and the racing chart.

Greetings! and How-are-they-behaving? to the doctors, nurses and orderlies at the cut 'em and cure 'em camps in Washington, D. C.; in Newington, Connecticut; in Roanoke, Virginia; in Oteen, North Carolina; in Little Rock, Arkansas; in Waco, Texas; in Legion, Texas; in Albuquerque, New Mexico; in Sawtelle and San Fernando and Palo Alto and Livermore, California; in Denver and in Chicago.

When I flew out to Chicago to visit Hines Hospital I grabbed myself off a hunk of ex-service C. C. C. camps, too. Hello, you C. C. C.-ers! Hope to be C. C. C.-ing you again. Also hope Ye Editor doesn't mind my using this method of communication.

More hellos to the Legion posts contacted, visited, and due to be thanked for being swell, even if we didn't get all the dough we counted on—posts in Chicago, New Haven, Bronxville, Providence, Pawtucket, Bristol, and Kansas City. A trip to the last named is responsible for me having the Freedom of the Air on T. W. A.

Now that I see the ground I've covered in print, I can understand why they call me Pluto out at Sawtelle. Maybe there was something to all those gags in France about my being the daughter of Hunyadi Janos, after all.

I'll sign off now, and I don't wish any of you any kind of illness, but if you make one of the hospitals that wears the U. S. on its sign posts you're apt to have to take me just after the ether, or just before the big black pill.

Dogs of War

(Continued from page 24)

under severe shellfire more than compensated for their doubtful ancestry, were with the Red Cross and ambulance corps. Their senses of smell and hearing—eight times as acute as men's—were found to be infallible in tracing the wounded who had crawled or hitched their way to safety or water hole in some distant wood or field. They had been taught, by practice with dummies and live models, to disregard the dead, and not to bark when they came upon the wounded, but to tear off a piece of the

uniform and deliver it to the kennels.

Equipped with first-aid kits, they stood patiently by while the injured, when able, helped themselves to the kits. Then, scurrying away, they returned leading the ambulance workers and stretcher bearers. Some of them saved the lives of hundreds. One sheep dog in the French army, after a two-day battle, nosed out five men who had been wounded in its first hours and who were so well hidden that no man would have found them. A Belgian police dog piled

up a record of two thousand saved men in less than a year.

The dog is practically immune to the effects of gas. He can carry ammunition up to forty-five pounds. Using a simple attachment, a dog can lay a telephone wire. The Airedales with the English forces excelled as scouts and sentries. From their forbears they had inherited such acute noses and ears that they detected scents and sound half a mile away. They could tell the difference between the uniforms of friend and foe. Not afraid

of gunfire, they actually reveled in it. So keen were their memories that some of them recognized and obeyed as many as two hundred words. Sent out on reconnaissance, they came back notifying the patrols by low growls that German raiding parties had left their trenches several hundred yards away in the dark. Going out with the scouting expeditions, they guided patrols to enemy machine-gun nests.

In the Vosges sector was a soldier, said to be an Alsatian, who assisted in the kennels. For some unaccountable reason the dogs would have none of him. Every night when he left them carrying a lantern, they set up a chorus of hate. The French had had cause to suspect that the Germans had set up a listening post close to the Allied line, but had been unable to locate it. One night a nondescript pup who had strayed into camp and was taken on was so restless that the picket commander ordered him out with a sentry. He had not been out long when he began to growl and tug at the sentry's puttees, and gave point toward a spot some distance away. Word was passed to the line. The listening post was demolished. In its ruins was found the body of the soldier who had carried the lantern.

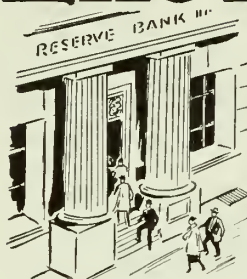
Several German police dogs, taken prisoner by the Allies, soon transferred their allegiance to their captors, aiding both French and British in surprising raiding parties, disarming them and holding them at bay until they were taken.

In Flanders, the Belgian forces made use of their shepherd dogs to pull machine guns from place to place, claiming that they were more dependable than horses under fire because of their flair for evading the enemy and keeping the guns out of their hands. In Russia, northern huskies, equipped with gas masks, carried as many as a hundred rounds of ammunition apiece to the men in the field, weaving their way back and forth through a rain of bullets and shrapnel and clouds of poison gas. In Italy dogs of several breeds toted food and ammunition to men in the high mountains, taking short cuts up narrow, rugged passes, so steep that neither horse nor man could have negotiated them.

The A. E. F. took no dogs overseas with them—that is, as a part of the Army. But this is not to say that there were no American pooches in the fray. Many a stowaway smuggled himself—or was smuggled by his master—onto the transports, and came out of the war with a crown of glory on his brow. One hound-dog whose hide was marked with the cross of his mother's sins ran back and forth from dark to dawn, night in and night out, along the line, acting as liaison and getting through tough spots that no human warrior could have penetrated.

Bing was born in a pup-tent at Camp Sheridan, where, because of his winning ways, he was immediately adopted by a machine-gun (Continued on page 44)

Life Begins At 40



His "Retirement Age" Came at 65 He Starts a Second Career

Alexander S. Kalischer Left Federal Reserve Bank—Starts in Printing Business

IN THE PAST 44 YEARS Mr. Kalischer has probably handled more coins than any other man in the United States—first as chief of coin department in the U. S. Sub-Treasury, later as head of coin-receiving section of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.

What a wealth of experience he has built up! And Alexander Kalischer is not sitting back as many men would. He is starting in on a *new* career in the printing business—and to it he will bring an *expertness in judgment, accuracy in detail, and proof against being fooled*—such as no younger man could possibly have.

Countless men of 40 and up have these same qualities in varying degrees. They are priceless qualities in

business. If employers do not seem to value them enough, it may be because men often reach their fullest mental powers—just when many of them are beginning to slip *physically*.

If you do not intend to be forced into a back seat, take stock of your health. Some adjustment in diet, a little more sleep or exercise may be all you need, to start you on a new career—toward a new "top."

They are Winning New Success—YOU Can, Too

ENJOYS HELPING SCOUTS



Mrs. George H. Graham, Jr.

Dear Life Begins:

When I was about 40 or so, my health seemed to fail and I thought the dreaded fortieth birthday was an end to youth.

My digestion bothered me. I had very severe headaches. Some-

one suggested Fleischmann's Yeast, so I started to eat it.

Headaches and indigestion disappeared. I have energy to burn. Recently we moved to a three-story house. Running up and down stairs is no trouble with my *new* feeling of health.

Best of all, I am closer than ever to my children. All four are ardent Scouts. Working for their cause has made me one of them, and very young.

FLORENCE GRAHAM

BACK IN REAL ESTATE AT 51



Mr. Ben Small

Dear Life Begins:

I am a real-estate man. Some ten years ago, when the bottom fell out of Florida real estate, I lost everything, including my business. It was too much for me. I had a physical collapse—my hair turned pure white.

The first job I could find was in the hotel business. But I had no interest in it and made no attempt to get back on my feet financially.

Then a friend advised me to eat Fleischmann's Yeast, instead of just going along sapping the little vitality I had left. I tried it, and in a short time not only my health but my morale was completely restored.

Now I'm back in my own line—real estate—in New York, and have made a definite success of it.

BEN SMALL

When Digestion Slows Down You Feel Your Age

At 40, or soon after, the action of the gastric juices begins to be less efficient. Not only do they lose their full strength—they even flow less freely.

What your system needs at this time is a little help.

Fleischmann's Yeast *tones up* digestion by inducing a *fuller and more potent* flow of the gastric juices.

Also, Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in 4 important vitamins, which give an added tonic action. Each one of these vitamins has its own special share in maintaining vigorous health.

Start eating 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day—one cake ½ hour before each meal—plain or in a little water. See how much better you feel!

\$25 WILL BE PAID FOR LETTERS of success after 40—so helpful to others we wish to print them. If you can truly credit to Fleischmann's Yeast some part of the health that made your success possible—write us—enclosing your picture. (Letters and pictures cannot be returned.) Life Begins, 420 Lexington Ave., New York.

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Dogs of War

(Continued from page 43)

company. When the regiment was ordered overseas, word was given that Bing was to stay behind. That was not, however, his master's idea, and by devious ways Bing was smuggled aboard the transport and kept under cover until the troops had debarked in France. Serving on five sectors, he had his own special gift for sniffing poison gas the second an attack was launched. Time and again he saved the health and lives of hundreds of men by giving the alarm. Although he was badly gassed, he lived on for several years and received many honors. Born an army dog, he died an army dog, and was given a full military funeral.

In Morocco a few years ago, when France and Spain combined against the

Riffs, the latter's strategy was considerably strengthened by the sacrifice imposed on their native dogs. Dressed up in native uniform, they were sent out at night along the front, where, mistaken for Riffian soldiers crawling in the dark, they drew fire which revealed the position of the enemy guns.

Today canine legions are being swiftly put in trim in Europe. In Frankfurt, at what is the largest dog-school in the world, the rumor goes that the classes have a total attendance of two thousand at a time. At Jena the government supports a hospital for its army dogs on the staff of which are some of the country's ablest veterinarians. France, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Bulgaria all have training centers with a curriculum en-

larged to meet new demands. The pupils are being taught to go out on reconnaissance; to break through lines of communication; to transport machine guns, ammunition belts and food over tricky terrain; to overcome the enemy by disarming him.

Our military authorities thus far have seen no use in submitting our thirteen million dogs to any such purpose. They reason that, in our present peaceful temper, the only war on which we would engage would be one of defense. With friendly neighbors to the north and south, any attack would be directed at our coast lines, and our defense would be in the hands of the Navy, the artillery and the air corps—which means that the best place for dogs would be in the home.

Now You See 'Em, Now You Don't

(Continued from page 27)

the kind of bird, then releases him.

The above remarks apply to songbirds, which are the kind I usually handle. Other birds may be a different story. A great blue heron once barely missed putting out my eye, for which he had aimed with his spear-like bill, as he wriggled loose from the man who was holding him while I applied the band. Wild geese pack a wicked punch in their wings, and are not to be trifled with carelessly. But songbirds are easy fellows to handle, and they yield interesting returns.

The returns are our reward. When any other bird bander finds in his traps a bird already banded elsewhere, he reports to the Biological Survey at Washington. (A bander is licensed by the United States Government, and is indeed an unpaid, part-time Federal employe officially.) Or anyone who handles a dead bird which has been banded finds right on the band the request that he return it to the Biological Survey. The Survey looks up the records for that number and informs both the person who sent in the report and also the person who affixed that band. About three percent of all bands yield returns, which means that if I band one hundred birds today—just about a fair expectation in the spring migration season—I shall eventually hear from three of them. A small return, perhaps, but well worth the effort to the confirmed and chronic bander.

These bands bob up in the most unexpected places. The Caspian tern was thought to go no farther south than Central America, but several banded along the upper Great Lakes have been taken in Colombia. The common tern has

been found in every South American country as far as Cape Horn. Herring gulls are found in the West Indies and Central America. All these, it may be advisable to explain, are water birds commonly referred to as small gulls. A common tern banded on the Maine coast was found dead in the Niger River by an African native. And the Arctic tern is the classic example of long-distance migration, for he summers as far north as he can find land and winters 11,000 miles south, on the farthest outposts of land he can find within the Antarctic Circle.

All birds are not, of course, migratory, and some do not always migrate. But the great majority of all wild birds chase the sun with the seasons, ignoring international boundaries and passports. Many of the songbirds common in the United States in summertime spend their winters in the forests of the Amazon. And there is one bird fairly common in the United States, the chimney-swift, which has never been recognized anywhere after it leaves the North, nor has a single band been returned during the winter from the many thousands of these birds which have been marked. The chimney-swift is the greatest riddle of bird science.

But we are wandering away from the subject of wild birds and animals which prosper in the cities. Probably I would know little about this if it were not for banding birds. Unfortunately, birds and beasts do not always mix well from the bird bander's standpoint—or, if you prefer, they mix too well on occasion. If, for example, any one of a dozen different animals gets into a trap along with a bird, by the time the bander arrives he finds only the animal, looking well-fed

and blowing feathers out of his whiskers. Which may be very satisfactory for the animal, but is hard on the bander, not to mention the bird.

We catch in this very fashion a considerable number of animals every year. But rather than wait until the animal gets into a bird trap, we have a good many animal traps scattered through our large back yard. Only the completely undesirable citizens such as rats and mice and shrews are harmed in the trapping. The other animals are caught in live traps. Most of these, even the ones generally considered all bad, I transfer into portable cages, keep them until I have an automobile load, then drive into the country and release one by one at spots well adapted to their habits. I have too high an opinion of the Creator's judgment, and too low an opinion of my own, to attempt by any acts of mine to disturb the balance of life maintained by Nature. Further, too few wild animals remain near our cities, and I prefer not to destroy those which still survive.

Twenty years ago, when we first moved into our house and the lake shore was unoccupied, we trapped 150 skunks in the first two winters. For the fun of it, we kept the blackest—the most desirable—and after removing the scent sacs we actually raised skunks and made money selling their fur. Eventually we had 250 of the amusing little fellows. We sold them off and gave up fur-farming on a city lot. This past winter we trapped twelve skunks. Incidentally, on acquaintance a skunk is a friendly chap who is neither timid nor looking for trouble. He never shoots his scent unless the other fellow starts the fight, and will peaceably

come right to your feet for tidbits of raw meat if you make no overt moves. I recommend being quiet while he is close to you, however.

In the past few years we have trapped three raccoons. Two were very wild, the other so tame we suspected him of being somebody's escaped pet. But they all went back to the country.

Twenty years ago we knew of no opossums in Northern Illinois. Ten years ago we began trapping a very few in our yard, but for a while an opossum was a real event. Now we catch at least a dozen a year. Here is the prize example of an animal which formerly did not inhabit the region, but which now has moved right in, occupying the towns as well as the country. In other words, the opossum is so adaptable that he can live right among us city dwellers and be only rarely detected.

Our prize backyard catch was a red fox. It would be nice to tell how the sly fox lives unsuspected under the townsman's feet. Unfortunately for romance, this fellow was wearing a collar and chain, and was eventually reclaimed by a family a mile away. However, last year a red fox was killed on the outskirts of our town. A friend in a suburb seven miles closer to Chicago saw a red fox in the woods of the subdivision across from his home. And in the next town beyond him, last winter three squad cars of policemen with two-way radio communication and machine-guns nobly tracked down a coyote and killed him—thus earning a prize for something like farthest south in sportsmanlike hunting.

We average perhaps one weasel a year—their larger cousins, mink, somewhat less frequently. We did, however, catch a mink last autumn in the tiny creek-bed in our side yard. Most of our weasels are the New York weasel, a good-sized fellow. But we have caught three least weasels, which are supposed to live only much farther north. Mink, likewise, are supposed to be completely trapped out by fur-seekers. Maybe they are all gone in the country, but we get one every couple of years right in town.

Muskrats also come our way, which is rather mysterious because there is no good muskrat country for many miles. They are a great nuisance to us, because we have to drive the trapped muskrats so many miles into the country to find a suitable home. Woodchucks come in abundance, and if they get into bird traps they practically ruin these with their teeth. Anyone who really wants to know how much wood a woodchuck can chuck is invited to inspect our heap of bird traps junked because of the unholy damage inflicted upon them by impatient woodchucks who wandered in.

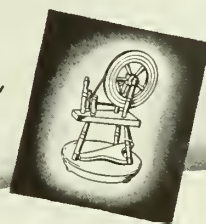
Squirrels we catch in abundance. Everybody knows that these can live successfully in town. Flying squirrels, however, are not so well known. Comparatively few (Continued on page 46)

Odd Facts of Old Boston

FREE 1000 MINIATURE REPRODUCTIONS 10" HIGH OF OLD SPINNING WHEEL THAT ACTUALLY WORKS FOR 1000 BEST LETTERS ON "WHY OLD MR. BOSTON FINE LIQUORS REFLECT THE QUALITY TRADITIONS OF OLD BOSTON."

OLD MR. BOSTON, DEPT. AL12, BOSTON, MASS.

This offer good until Dec 25th but not in states where such offers are prohibited.



Shilling Snippers Foiled

When it was discovered that unscrupulous persons were snipping bits from the edges of the pine tree shillings, lettering was placed around the coins to discourage this early form of "chiseling."



Tenth Pin Saves Nine Pins

Among the games which the city fathers banned as wasteful of time and misleading of spirit, the law singled out the game of "Nine Pins." But enthusiastic bowlers saved the game by adding one pin and calling the game "Ten Pins."



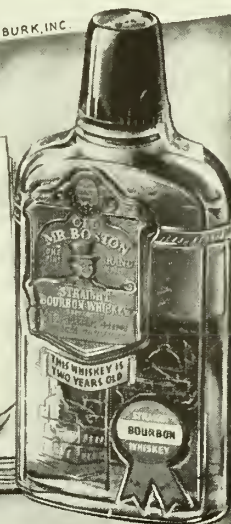
Just 100 Years Ago

Rival horse-car lines used the same tracks. In the lively competition to get their cars on the tracks first and so carry the lion's share of the traffic, each horse-car line changed time-tables almost daily to everybody's complete confusion.

COPR. 1937 BEN BURK, INC.

307 YEARS HAVE CHANGED MANY THINGS IN OLD BOSTON BUT NOT THE OLD-TIME VIRTUES OF HONEST CRAFTSMANSHIP. NO CABINETMAKER OR SILVERSMITH OF OLD BOSTON WAS EVER MORE PROUD OF HIS CRAFT THAN THE EXPERTS WHO GUARD THE QUALITY OF OLD MR. BOSTON STRAIGHT WHISKEY. . . . BUY A BOTTLE TONIGHT

Old
MR. BOSTON
BRAND
100 PROOF STRAIGHT
WHISKEY
RYE OR BOURBON
TWO YEARS OLD



Ben Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.

Now You See 'Em, Now You Don't

(Continued from page 45)

people, either in city or country, ever see them. They are beautiful little animals, soft, furry, appealing—and far from desirable in a bird haven. We catch them in tree traps set for creepers and similar birds. When we find one in a trap, all that remains of the birds is the feathers. As a matter of fact, flying squirrels are plentiful in many cities, but their habits keep them out of sight. In our territory, flying squirrels inconvenience many city dwellers by getting into their walls and living there noisily. Larger than most rats, the flying squirrels scurry about knocking off plaster lumps and dropping nut shells. The householder blames it on rats and wonders why he does not catch them in rat traps. The reason is that the flying squirrel seldom ventures inside the house itself; he merely chooses the wall as a fine, dry, warm home in which to store nuts and acorns and take shelter on rainy and zero days.

Chipmunks, gophers and rabbits are plentiful. People know this because these animals are frequently seen in the suburbs. How closely they live in contact with people is not always appreciated. The rabbits which munch your

pet delphiniums may very well live and breed under the garage or the back porch. A friend of mine recently saw a wild cottontail on a paved street less than a mile from downtown Milwaukee. As for gophers and chipmunks, they thankfully dig their homes, their storehouses, and their intercommunicating subways close to the foundation of your house because the builder thoughtfully drained this with plenty of field tile.

And as my final believe-it-or-not, last winter a three-prong white-tailed buck lived close to us and was seen on the railroad track along the back line of our lot. I saw his footprints repeatedly. How did he do it, in a town filled with dogs?

If you have a back yard and wish to know something of the animals and birds which pass through it, let me suggest a trick we use. Along our little creek are a few sandy patches, which we renew with added sand if spring freshets wash them out. At each sandy patch we leave a small board, and use it to smooth the sand so that it will record any footprints. Morning and evening I inspect that patch on my trap rounds. If you know their tracks, such a record of the passing animals will surprise you. It has revealed

to us, beyond all doubt, that despite the large number of wild animals we trap every year, at least three times as many pass untrapped through our sand patches. As for the species—well, if I told you of my suspicions, if I breathed my belief in some of the animals which live under my nose but which I have yet to trap, you would broadly dismiss this entire article as imaginings.

Man is supposed to be the most adaptable of animals. This characteristic is often advanced as the reason why man is dominant among his fellow animals. But I arise to urge that the philosophers, before they accept this assumption of man's superior adaptability, learn something of wild animals. Surely anyone must marvel at their ability to breed and support themselves amid a man-made town, where thousands of natural enemies live ready to kill them on sight. Yet these animals prosper in our midst, unsuspected and undisturbed by most of their human neighbors. If adaptability were the answer to the dominance of humankind, then I greatly fear that in a few centuries we might all be living under the firm, intelligent rule of the skunks and raccoons and opossums.

Master Mariner

(Continued from page 9)

adies," he informed them, "have been delivered to the wrong steamer. The *Oriole* is a freighter with no passenger accommodations other than the owners' suite."

The younger of the two women smiled at him. "No mistake, steward. I'm Miss Minturn, from the office of Groat & Hillman. I'm their cashier. This is my mother. We have an order from Mr. Hillman instructing the master of the *Oriole* to give us passage in the owner's suite; also an order to the master of the steam schooner *Oregonian* to dead head us in one of his passenger staterooms. We came down here to pick up the *Oregonian*, but I recognized the *Oriole* at this dock, so we decided to take passage on her instead."

The steward read the order and carried their baggage aboard; scarcely had they reached the owners' suite than the second mate superintended the lowering of the gangplank and then ran aft to superintend the casting off of the stern lines, while the first mate performed a similar office up forward with the bowline. Hedstrom, seeing all clear, pulled the whistle cord and the *Oriole* moved slowly out from the dock and headed down the channel for the bar. She had

proceeded about a mile when Mary Minturn came up the back stairs from the dining saloon and looked into the pilot house.

"Hello, Jim—look who's here," she called.

Hedstrom, hearing her call, came in from the weather bridge.

"Why, hello, Miss Minturn," he greeted her, not too enthusiastically. "What are you doing here? I didn't know you were aboard."

"Came aboard with my mother about two minutes before you sailed. And I didn't know you were aboard. Where's Captain Brandon?"

"He resigned this morning and I flew down from Portland and took over."

Mary Minturn's face was troubled. "Know why?"

"Run-in with Groat, I imagine. He didn't discuss it with me."

"I was afraid that would happen."

Hedstrom was disturbed, distressed even, in the realization that Miss Minturn was aboard, because he knew he was running considerable risk in taking the *Oriole* over the bar. He liked Mary Minturn. As cashier for Groat & Hillman she had been furnishing his money for payrolls for three years and he had a

suspicion she liked him as well as she did any skipper in Groat & Hillman's employ. He had great respect for her. Indeed, had he seen her coming he would have begged her to wait for the *Oregonian*.

"I suppose I'll have to be a sport and congratulate you on securing a well-merited promotion, Captain Hedstrom, even if your gain is our loss. Captain Brandon and I were engaged to be married," the girl told him.

"Indeed! I'm sorry about this mess. I had no hand in it."

"Well, such things happen." There was emotion in Mary Minturn's voice.

"How come you're up here, Miss Minturn?"

"My mother and I came north unexpectedly to attend the funeral of her sister in Portland. I—I thought it would be nice to return on the *Oriole* with Captain Brandon. We had an order from the office; we're in the owners' suite."

Hedstrom had an inspiration. "Far be it from me to spoil your pleasure, Miss Minturn. Captain Brandon is staying in Astoria tonight, at the Astoria House. He's returning to San Francisco, as the guest of Groat & Hillman, on the *Oregonian*, due in Astoria from up river tomorrow morning. Now I can heave to

off the Coast Guard Station at Adams Point, lower a boat and put you and your mother ashore. Meanwhile I'll radio Brandon to hire an automobile, run out to Adams Point and pick you up, and tomorrow you can all start home together on the *Oregonian*."

He waited eagerly for her consent, and while she pondered he went on: "It really will be the best thing to do, Miss Min-turn. The *Oriole* is going to have a dirty passage because we're heading into a heavy sou'easter; by tomorrow noon it may have blown itself out and you'll have a bully trip in the *Oregonian*. And your man will be aboard, remember that."

"I think not, Captain Hedstrom. We'll not bother you to put us ashore. Mother and I are pretty good sailors and, after all, a really rough trip will be an experience. So, since the *Oriole* has no passenger license, put us on the crew list and pretend that we're stewardesses or scullions or something."

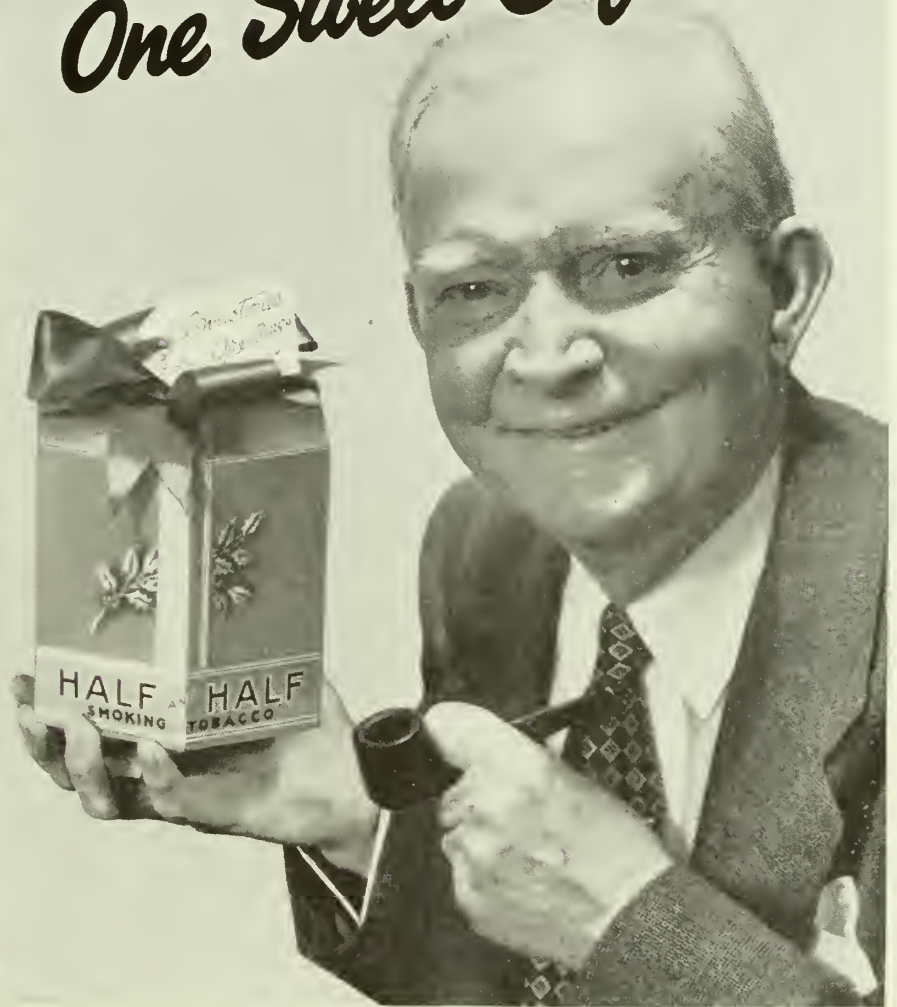
She turned away to hide her emotion and went downstairs. Hedstrom cursed softly, then whistled up the engine room. "Chief," he ordered, "cut Number Four boiler in again. Never mind if it does leak like a shower bath. It'll step up your steam pressure some and we'll need every pound you can give her."

He summoned the second mate:

"Go aft, with a couple of your watch, mister," he ordered, "and stand by to slip the lashings on the deckload, if you should see the forward deck-load go by the board. Do not wait for an order from me. The instant you see lumber floating to leeward, let her rip. That'll help to keep her on about the same plane she is now."

From Astoria to the outer buoy on Columbia River bar is, roughly, twelve miles, and, proceeding at half speed, it was three hours before Hedstrom found himself in the midst of the mile of gigantic seas on the bar proper, the gantlet he must run before swinging his vessel around the outer buoy into the teeth of the gale. Although the *Oriole* had taken some big ones theretofore, she was riding so high forward that not until she met the first old grand-daddy of the graybeards did she dive into it. It creamed over her and poured down off the fore-castle head into the big alley between the two sections of the forward deckload. Once in this alley there was no escape for the water until the space filled and the lip of the flood poured over the deckload into the sea. She had been very cranky and two men at the wheel had to exert all their strength to keep her nose into it, but a minute after she had taken the third great comb-er, the quartermaster looked up at Hedstrom and said: "She's much easier now, sir." Hedstrom nodded his satisfaction. He had counted on that and he wondered if Brandon had. Probably not. Brandon was pretty young; he could do with more experience. A man could command ships for a hundred (Continued on page 48)

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HALF AND HALF

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FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

Master Mariner

(Continued from page 47)

years and learn something new every voyage.

Only the presence aboard of Mary Minturn and her mother kept the placid Swede from being downright cheerful.

ACROSS the bar the *Oriole* pounded. She was riding them well, even though the spray was going over her funnels as she crept up on the last whistling buoy and, although the seas ahead were formidable enough, the worst of the passage was now over; she passed the buoy and Hedstrom said to the quartermaster: "Hard-a-port!" As he spoke the wind rose in a sudden mad gust and rain, rattling on the plate glass windows of the enclosed bridge, obscured his view.

In the face of that gust the *Oriole* answered her helm reluctantly and Hedstrom's brow puckered in anxiety, as he saw his command engaged in her titanic struggle with the elements. He thought: "The wind has jumped fifteen or twenty miles an hour, but it will subside again in a few minutes. If she can't come around I'll head her straight out to sea, and try again after this squall subsides. Brandon was right. She needs more power—"

"She's falling off on us, sir," the quartermaster panted, his frightened glance on the binnacle. "Look at that compass needle swing."

Hedstrom, helpless, watched the needle defy the rudder. Would the wind abate and give the *Oriole* a chance to recover, to make another attempt at her southing?

"She's back on the course I was steering before you gave me hard-a-port, sir," the helmsman said.

"Hold her there," said Hedstrom.

"She's holding, sir."

The *Oriole* wallowed straight out to sea, and Hedstrom had no objection to that for he wanted searoom. Indeed, he would need it desperately if his vessel fell off even a little bit, for off to starboard the North Jetty and Peacock Spit beyond it had to be reckoned with. And from the channel to the shoal water was but a hop, skip and jump.

The devil's tattoo of rain on the plate glass windows moderated and Hedstrom sighed with relief. That meant the wind was moderating, too. "Hard-a-port," he ordered—and again the *Oriole* started to swing, but no faster than the first time. If he could only get her around quickly, so she would take the wind squarely on her nose instead of on her port counter...

The wheel spun furiously and the helmsman spoke. "I can't bring her around, sir. She's up too high in the bows and that tall deckload offers too much surface to the gale."

Again the sou'easter attacked—and before the gust the *Oriole* fell off sharply,

defying the counter-thrust of her rudder; in an instant as she turned her head away from the seas, they slapped against her counter and drove her off until her tall deckload of lumber offered a fair target—and then a fifty-foot sea smashed quarteringly across the forward welldeck!

Hedstrom saw a chainlashing fly up from the port side deck load, flick up onto the weather bridge and tear away eight feet of pipe railing and canvas dodger. Then another huge graybeard came aboard, the cargo started to shift and another chainlashing flew upward; a third wave tossed the port side cargo across the deck into the starboard cargo and the great grinding, shrieking mass went overboard.

Hedstrom was blessed with the ability to think quickly and intelligently in an emergency; he possessed the power of instantaneous decision. He knew the *Oriole* had already driven a hundred yards across that all too narrow channel and that he could not go astern and stop his headlong dash for Peacock Spit, now just a vast smear of tumbling white water off to leeward. He hadn't sufficient power.

He signaled the mate to let go an anchor—and almost instantly he saw the red rust flying from the starboard hawse hole as his right bower went down by the run. The moment it bit the steamer started to swing to it, once more gradually presenting her head to the sea; as the chain paid out Hedstrom gave the *Oriole* full speed ahead. Her bow was so high out of water, now that the weight of the forward deck load was gone, that he couldn't make a foot of headway, but with the anchor holding and her screw assisting, her sudden, crazy dash for Peacock Spit had been arrested temporarily.

THE second mate came forward over the house, on top of which the wireless shack was perched, and dropped down into the pilot house. "I took the liberty of ordering Sparks to send out the S. O. S., sir," he reported. "And I didn't slip the after deckload. When I got there her stern was swinging up into the trough and she was just a mess of white water aft before my gang could get out on the deckload and cast loose her chain shackles. Later, when her head came up and her stern swung away from the seas, there didn't appear to be any sound reason for dumping, so I came forward to report."

"Nothing matters now," Hedstrom replied. "Here's where we all go to hell together." He thought briefly of his wife and five little squareheads. "Poor anchorage," he continued mockingly. "Those graybeards will pick us to pieces in a few hours, even if we don't drag in on Pea-

cock Spit before that happens. And if we hit Peacock Spit she'll break her back." He laid his great hand on the second's shoulder. "Sorry, lad."

The mate tried to spread a smile over his white face, as he turned to go; then, suddenly the smile was real. "Maybe there isn't so much danger, after all, sir," he yelled, and pointed. Coming up on the weather bow of the doomed *Oriole* was a big bar tug, and as she swept up to them they saw she was pumping fuel oil overboard; then her Lyle gun roared and down the gale came the heavy knotted end of a heaving line. Across the steamer's welldeck and over her cargo booms cradled against the forward end of the house the rope soared, the knotted end dropping far into the sea beyond.

INSTANTLY the second mate slid down off the bridge to the cradled cargo booms, crawled out along them on hands and knees and retrieved that heaving line. He crawled forward to the mast, hauling the line home as he went, then sat down, and coiled the bight of it as he clung with both legs around the booms, the while he glanced ahead and up over the forecastle head; when he had the heaving line coiled on his arm, he looked back and up at Hedstrom standing out on the weather bridge. He smiled. Hedstrom smiled back. Each understood.

With the *Oriole* once more heading up to the tremendous seas, Hedstrom took heart of hope, for he saw instantly that the failure of the second mate to slip the chain shackles on the after deckload and let it go by the board was now likely to prove their salvation, for with the forward deckload gone and the steamer riding on her tail, her bow was so high even the tremendous seas could not climb it. To add to this advantage the oil which the tug had pumped overboard was now drifting down on the *Oriole* and flattening the seas until they went sullenly by; so there would be no danger of losing men off the forecastle head now, when the tug's hawser came aboard and the men went topside to make it fast.

All this the second mate realized; but he realized, also, that the deck beneath him was awash to the top of the rail, with broken pieces of lumber threshing madly around in the oily scum. Both companions leading from the well deck to the forecastle head had been carried away so that route was barred to him, nor could he expect help topside from the first mate and his gang because they were imprisoned inside the forecastle head, with the anchor windlass. The problem was to get from his perch on the cargo booms where they were shackled to the mast, up onto the forecastle head.

Quickly he solved the problem. He

coiled the heaving line over his shoulder and climbed up the narrow steel ladder bolted into the forward edge of the mast until he reached the crow's nest; at the crow's nest he grasped the steel stay leading from the topmast down to the bow and slid down it. The wild pitching of the steamer made it a perilous passage, but like the old windshipman he was, he made it safely and presently the boat-swain and two seamen slid down with a thump beside him. They hauled in on the heaving line until a three-inch Manila line, attached to the light heaving line, came up out of the drink.

They passed the bight of this over the drum winch on the forecandle head and the second opened the throttle and turned the winch over; while the four-inch line paid in on the drum the men hauled the other end of it away and coiled it neatly; presently the thimble of the tug's two-inch extra flexible plow-steel-wire towing cable popped into view, fast to the end of the Manila. The steel hawser, too, they hove in on the drum of the winch, passed the bight of it over the two towing bitts on the starboard side, forward, carried the loose end to one of the two towing bitts aft on the port side, passed the bight several times around one and dropped the thimble over the other.

"Well, that towing hawser has been made fast to my satisfaction," the second mate growled, and commenced walking up the forestay again, monkey fashion; from the masthead he and his men went back to the bridge the way they had come. Meanwhile Hedstrom had signaled the tug to take up on the hawser; at the same time he shouted to the first mate, who was peering out the port, waiting for orders, to raise the anchor. As the anchor broke water the tug took hold and the hawser came up out of the sea; fortunately the tug was equipped with a towing machine to obviate any sudden jerks which might snap the hawser. Because of her light draft the tug was enabled to swing in off the deep channel into shoal water, thus gradually hauling the *Oriole* back into the channel she had almost left. Slowly the big freighter drew away from danger.

Without the assistance of the tug he could not have steered the *Oriole*, so badly out of trim she was, without dumping the after deckload—and this the dogged Hedstrom would not do while there remained a ghost of a chance to save it. Once around, with the sou'easter on his tail and the tug holding up her head so she wouldn't fall off and head for the Spit or the Jetty again, he gave the chief full speed ahead and presently was back in comparatively calm water under the lee of the headland. Here the towing hawser was cast off; presently the tug came alongside and shouldered the *Oriole* into the berth she had left that afternoon.

As Hedstrom watched the tug slide off into the darkness he thought of the salvage claim (Continued on page 50)

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Master Mariner

(Continued from page 49)

the tugboat company would file against the S. S. *Oriole* and owners and he sighed deeply. He knew that, in the terminology of his profession, he was on the beach . . . his heart was very heavy as he thought of his wife and five little Swedish-Americans and his modest mortgaged home. Mary Minturn, coming up into the pilot house to congratulate him on winning that tight race with death, saw such grief and desolation in his face that she went downstairs again without speaking.

OLD Man Hillman had sent for Jim Brandon; when the latter entered Hillman's lair the old gentleman slid out to the edge of his swivel chair, drew his spectacles down over his long, sagacious nose, looked over them at Jim Brandon and murmured: "God bless my mildewed soul." Following a minute of staring he added: "Remarkable. Ree-markable! In all my forty years in the shipping business I never heard of such a thing, so I've sent for you to find out. Ever since Hedstrom radioed the bad news about the *Oriole*, my youthful associate, Groat, has kept away from this office. His man-servant says he's too ill with influenza to talk to me over the 'phone. Hedstrom has reported the details of the mishap to the *Oriole* but what I'd like to know is why the devil you are on the beach while Hedstrom has the job I gave you."

Jim Brandon explained in meticulous detail. Old Hillman listened and his sole comment was: "You did the right thing. Subsequent events prove that. You have justified the faith I had in your sagacity, competence and loyalty. Er— ah, by the way, you're still on the payroll, because you're still a master mariner in service of Groat & Hillman, although I'm hanged if I know the name of your ship."

The old man fiddled with his watch charm and looked out the office window. "The tugboat company hasn't sent in its bill as yet, which means they're undecided as to the sum they'll claim; we can't win, so we'll try to settle out of court with the tugboat company. And when we do, Hedstrom shall walk the plank."

"You will not fire Captain Hedstrom, sir. One swallow doesn't make a summer and one bad break doesn't prove a man a hopeless boob. Hedstrom knows his job—and he has a wife and five little square-heads and a mortgage on his home."

"Young man," old Hillman said quietly, "it's perfectly all right for you to tell that unlicked pup, Groat, where to head in, but it's fatal to try your skill on me. When I'm aroused I'm dirty."

"So am I," Jim Brandon grinned back at him, "so don't you get brave and try arousing me or I'll decline to settle my salvage claim against the S. S. *Oriole* and owners out of court."

"Your salvage claim!"

"Aye, sir, my salvage claim. The tug that saved the *Oriole* was under charter to me for twelve hours. That charter cost me two hundred and fifty dollars and I had to give her crew a bonus of a thousand divided among them in the proportion which the monthly wage of each man bore toward the total monthly payroll. I didn't tell the tugboat people I was going out to rescue the *Oriole* on the bar. The crew thought that I was insane. They knew that big, powerful tug could negotiate the bar safely, but they pretended they were risking their lives, and demanded a bonus. I had to give it to them."

"How did you do it?"

"Sent a taxi for your agent. He met me at a local bank, identified me and endorsed my check and the bank cashed it."

Old Man Hillman drew his spectacles still further down his nose and gazed upon Jim Brandon as if the latter were one of those strange bugs one sometimes finds under a rotting log. Then he asked, "Why did you do it?"

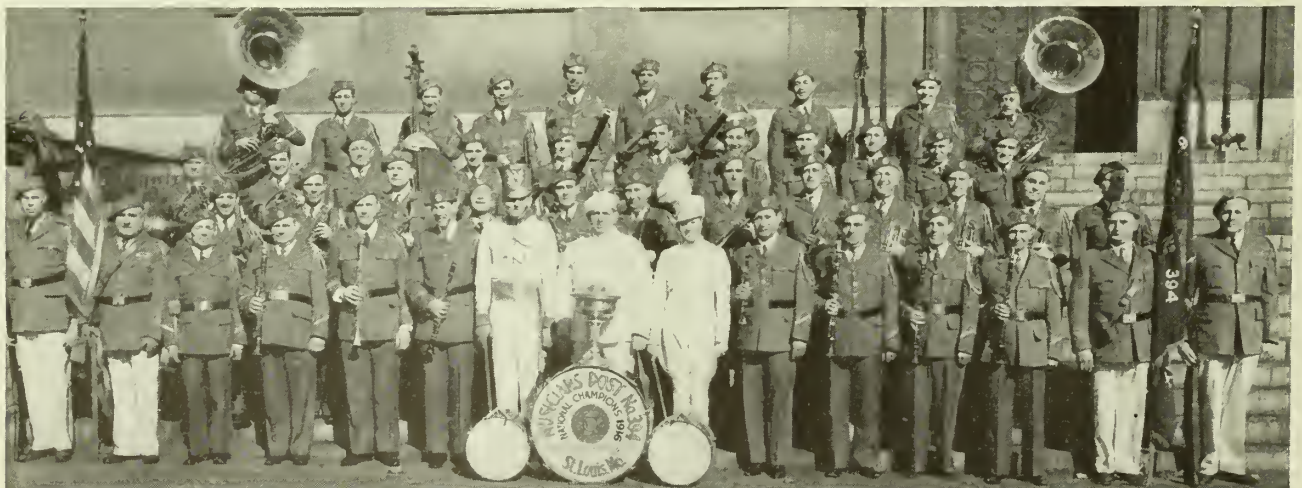
"Miss Minturn and her mother came aboard after I left; when Hedstrom told her I was out but remaining over at the Astoria House to take a free passage home on the *Oregonian* next day and urged her to permit him to set her mother and her ashore at the Adams Point life saving station, she refused. She sent me a radio. So then, sir, I knew she was aboard the *Oriole* riding down to Davy Jones' locker with that pig-headed Swede. But in the emergency he kept his head. He knew what to do and did it."

"It seems you did, also, Captain Brandon. He swung his old legs up on his desk and slid down in his swivel chair. "Well," he said, "now that you have us where the hair is short what is it going to cost us?"

"Never having had any experience in banditry, Mr. Hillman, I do not know. I do not presume it is necessary to go to court about it, although that is probably the surest way to answer your question! However, I've spent considerable money on law books to read off watch at sea and I've specialized in admiralty law, because a master ought to be up in that; so I do not have to hire an admiralty lawyer to assure me that I have a hammerlock on the S. S. *Oriole* and owners."

"H-m-m!" Hillman grunted. "Elucidate."

"The manner in which the *Oriole* was loaded, at the express order of her owners, made her highly unfit to put to sea in the weather then prevailing. When a vessel is salvaged in the face of such undeniably imminent danger and at grave risk to the salvor, his vessel and crew, the court not



The Legion's band champions—Musicians Post of St. Louis, Missouri, for the second year the tops in the national convention competition

infrequently finds that the salvor is entitled to a payment equal to one-half the appraised value of the vessel salvaged.

"I am given to understand the *Oriole* cost a million dollars to build fifteen years ago, and you have charged off to depreciation for income tax purposes five percent per annum, or seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. So she is worth today a quarter of a million—and one-half of that would be a hundred and twenty-five thousand. If the court should award me one-half the value of the vessel it would also award me one-half the value of that portion of her cargo which was saved, and that will amount to about twenty thousand dollars, which the shipper will have to pay. I don't need to tell you the rest of the story, but it means plenty of trouble and money for you."

Jim Brandon grinned and old Hillman grimaced. The younger man continued: "You realize, of course, that if I had not salvaged the *Oriole*, her owners would now be facing suits by the next of kin of Ole Olson, Yon Yonson an' Yake Yakobsen—about thirty-eight suits in all. And Groat & Hillman would have so many judgments rendered against them, with their employers' liability insurance voided because of gross negligence, that—"

"Oh, we'd be busted flatter than a flounder," old Hillman agreed. "You did a grand job. Am I too optimistic in surmising that you are inclined to have more or less mercy on us?"

"Well, I'm not very ferocious and I'm awaiting an offer of settlement."

Old Hillman pressed a button and his secretary entered. "Tell Miss Minturn to be good enough to step in here," he said.

When Miss Minturn entered: "Miss Minturn, you know all about the business of Groat & Hillman. You were an assistant accountant here for two years before you went into the cashier's cage, so you have seen the profit and loss account in our ledger. Have you ever seen any red ink in that account?"

"No, Mr. Hillman."

"Is the business very profitable or only moderately so?"

"I'd like to own stock in it, Mr. Hillman."

"If you had, say, a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to invest would you hesitate to invest in the stock of Groat & Hillman, Incorporated?"

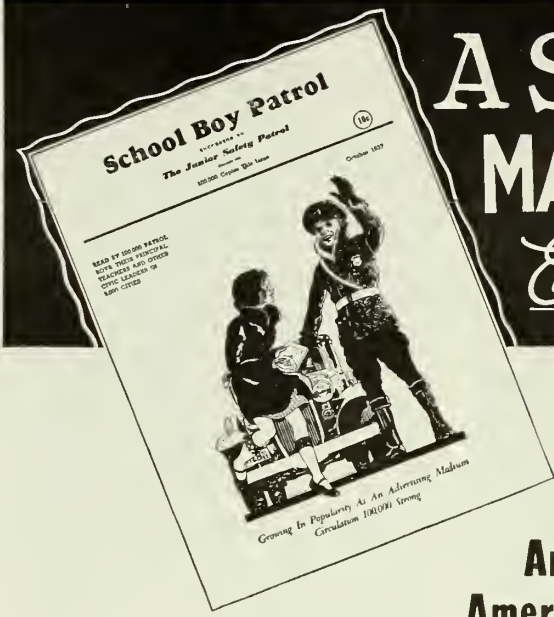
Mary Minturn shook her head, but added: "Of course, with young Mr. Groat in authority here I wouldn't care to invest in it."

"But if Captain Brandon should supersede Groat, what then?"

"I'd be more eager to buy than before."

"Why? Because you're going to marry him?"

"No. Because he knows ships; because, while he has had no experience in the office of a shipping operator, he is very intelligent and will soon learn that. Because (Continued on page 52)



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Master Mariner

(Continued from page 51)

he is brave enough to say No and stick to it; because he is only thirty-two years old and big enough and healthy enough to last thirty years more—and this office requires a blood transfusion. You are seventy years old, Mr. Hillman, and it is time you retired, but you cannot do that until you leave this business in the hands of a competent associate.”

“Thank you, Miss Minturn. You are quite right. Please sit down. I’m about to make Captain Brandon a proposition and, since you are going to marry him, I dare say you should remain here to advise him, and to see to it that I do not sell him a pup. Well, to begin, that terrible boy Groat is out. He doesn’t know it yet but he is, because I control Groat & Hillman.

“Now, then, to my proposition. Young Groat tried, some time ago, to sell me his stock in our company, but I declined to buy it because he set too high a value on it and, besides, I wanted him to hold on to it. I knew he could not find a better investment. However, he knew he could

for it seems that for the past two years he has been angling an alleged gold mine. The assays inform him the gold is there in paying quantities, but to open up the mine, to get the ore blocked out and equip the mine for operation cost a lot of money. Groat spent all the cash money his father left him and still he didn’t have enough. So he borrowed from our bank and gave his Groat & Hillman stock as collateral. He has not kept his promise to reduce the loan and the interest is in arrears, so the bank foreclosed and the stock is for sale.

“So you’d better see the bank and make your deal. Immediately you will be elected a director and also vice-president and general manager and your salary will be five hundred a month. Your duties will also include those now attended to by our port captain, whom you will send back to sea. And that is the last order I am going to give you. Oh, yes, one more! You will fire that lunkhead, Hedstrom.”

“I’ll not. Groat tempted the poor devil beyond his strength. Must one error of judgment invalidate the reputation won by a life-time of non-error? Hedstrom is a seaman. When his ship got into trouble he knew instantly what to do and did it. And he has a wife and five children. I’ll take your job and I’ll settle on your terms, but as vice-president and general manager I’ll do the hiring and the firing.”

“You win,” old Hillman agreed. “You have me where the hair is short, you bandit. The next thing I know you’ll be giving me orders.”

“I shall,” Jim Brandon laughed happily. “Miss Minturn and I are going to be married on Tuesday, the eighteenth inst., at 8 o’clock p.m. at St. Matthew’s Church in this city. It is an order from both of us that you climb into the clothes you wear to funerals and be there to give the bride away.”

“I’ll be there,” said Old Man Hillman, “with lilies of the valley in my lapel.”

They Called Him Spike

(Continued from page 21)

I found I was an object of attention in that camp. Everywhere I went I was viewed with frank curiosity. At first I thought it was the new hat they’d issued me. Yeh, they got my Stetson away from me. Turn it in or go to the guardhouse! In its place they handed out the first model of overseas cap. It was round, about an inch deep, and looked just like an inverted shallow cooking pot. The caps were all one size, about a nine, and the only way they could be made to fit was to take up an inch or so of slack with a safety pin. The sight of one of those things on a man would make a jughead laugh. But during the hours when I had to wear a tin hat I’d see just as many white faces staring at me out of barrack windows, and just as many people stopping to point me out as I went by.

I got to La Courtine of a Wednesday. Thursday I spent on the range. Friday I drew a guard. When I came off guard Friday night a couple of lads that I’d met on the boat, and that had come up from Genicart with me, drew me aside.

“Sergeant,” said one of them, “you speak French. How would you like to go out on a party Saturday?”

“I can’t,” said I, “because I was gassed yesterday. Spike came riding up out of the woods and I didn’t put on my mask fast enough!”

“Yeh, but you can’t miss this party! You remember Fat Rodenhiser was on the boat? His old man is a millionaire.

He sent Fat a money order for his birthday for five hundred dollars!”

“Gah!”

“Well, Fat invited us to a party, and he said to ask you to come along, because you could speak French and would make the arrangements.”

“I can’t go,” said I. “I’d get into trouble!”

“Oh, but you ought to come. Fat wants to spend all that money at once!”

“Well, I can’t go. I got other things on my mind. I got to find out why everyone is giving me the eye all the time. You’d think I was the first soldier they’d ever seen.”

So I went in to see the company clerk, making sure first that there was no chance of running into Spike on the way.

“What’s the idea,” I began, “of everyone peeking at me through the crack in the door?”

“I don’t know,” says the clerk, and grins. “Maybe they want to see what kind of a guy you are.”

“Why should they be interested in me?”

“The story was ’round,” grins the clerk, “that you was in the mill in Clermont Ferrand, an’ they let you out to come over here an’ stand trial.”

“Trial for what?”

“For rape.”

“Rape? You mean rape? Me? In Clermont Ferrand?”

“Well,” comforts the clerk, “I don’t blame you, understand. I get feelin’ that

way sometimes myself, cooped up here all day filin’ cards and stuff. Only they bump you off if you’re convicted, that’s the tough part. Keeps many a man from forgettin’ himself!”

“You’re crazy!” I yelled. “Who started this? I was never in Clermont Ferrand in my life. I never heard of it!”

“That’s a good alibi if you can stick to it!” comforts the clerk.

I went back into the squad room.

“I’ll go out with you boys tomorrow,” said I. “Come what may, I need a drink!”

There was some error somewhere, naturally. But try to explain that to a lot of goofy soldiers. They were all replacements in that camp, men taken in the draft and sent over to fill vacancies in the ranks of the outfits in the lines. They were trained for three months at La Courtine, with Spike Hennessy at their heels all the time. Any little diversion such as a guy that had gotten into a jam—and what a jam!—would be highly enjoyed by all. My first thought was to go absent out of there, and try to find my own outfit, but I hadn’t the faintest idea of where it was. Going over the hill wouldn’t help matters any. Well, I had Saturday and Sunday to think it over.

As soon as dinner was over Saturday, we gathered ourselves, about seven of us, and made for the town. Just so Corporal Ambrosio wouldn’t turn me in for leaving camp, we took him along on the party.

“If Spike catches you,” said the

corporal, winding his one wind of wrap leggin around his leg, "you aint gonna get any help from me! I don' know you! Get me?"

"It'll be all right!" said I.

Then we started for town to spend the equivalent of five hundred dollars in francs.

Lady, what went on after the Armistice I don't know about, and what went on in garrisons behind the lines I don't know about either, but let me say that the boys that were intended for cannon fodder had their morals looked after much more closely than the young ladies of the seminary. We had to be home by eight o'clock, P. M. The town was full of handsome wenches, but they all worked in cafes. When the boys could get out, the girls were busy waiting on customers, and when the girls could get out, the boys had to be in camp. That's the way it was at La Courtine, anyway. This Fat Rodenhiser was going to get us all wenches, but he found out right at the start that that couldn't be, as explained above. However, he made out to get us plenty of drinks.

I could speak a little French, lady, so when we were seated in one of the cafes, I was directed to do the ordering. The only drink I knew was coneyac, but we decided that was a little heavy to start in on with a whole afternoon and evening ahead of us, so I pointed to a sign on the wall and said to bring us seven glasses of that.

"This is kind of syrupy!" said Rodenhiser, when it was brought.

Well, we put it up to Corporal Ambrosio because he had been in La Courtine since January. He said they had a good drink called "cooderooge." So we had six of those. It was vinegar, or tasted like it anyway. So we moved out of there and went on up the hill to another town called La Gaine. Gee, the place was swarming with soldiers by that time. It was like trying to walk through a can of sardines. They all had on those flat round hats pinned up behind with a safety pin.

"Them hats are part of the system," decided one of our gang. "No mamselle would look at a guy in a hat like that."

We came to ground out in the yard of a hotel. You couldn't get inside the hotel, because it was full of officers, so we sat down in the barn, at a plank laid on some trestles, and ordered beer to see what it was like. It was awful.

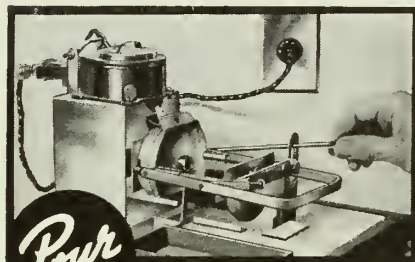
"You ask the girl if she can give us something fit to drink," suggested Rodenhiser to me, "like the song says, 'Fit for a soldier of the line'."

I spoke to the girl and explained the situation, that we were seven soldiers with plenty of money and a thirst, but that we didn't know the names of any drinks. She spoke of a drink called coodeblawnk. All right, let's try it. It was the same vinegar, only white this time.

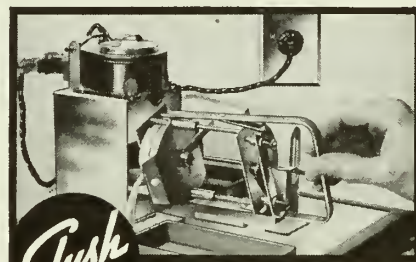
"I think," I began, "that maybe we could try (Continued on page 54)

NEW GILBERT ELECTRIC KASTER KIT

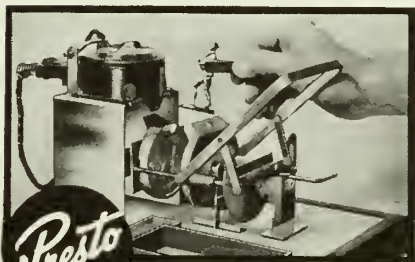
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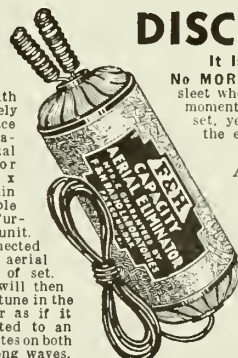
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Does away with Aerial entirely—Just place an F & H Capacity Aerial Eliminator (size 1½ in. x 4 in.) within your set. Simple instructions furnished with unit. Easily connected by anyone to aerial and ground of set. Your radio will then operate and tune in the same manner as if it were connected to an aerial. Operates on both short and long waves.



WHAT USERS SAY
LaPorte, Texas. After using the Capacity Aerial Eliminator over a year on my 1935 small 7 tube set can say it brings in reception with fine volume and clarity, pulling in stations from Japan, Europe, South America, and broadcast stations from all over the U. S. Efficiency proven, I took down my old outside aerial. Signed: _____
Davenport, Ia. Received your Radio Aerial Eliminator and it sure works fine. Also works swell on Short Wave band. Wish I had found it long ago. Signed: _____

DISCARD YOUR OLD AERIAL

It Is Most Likely Corroded and Has Poor or Loose Noisy Connections
No MORE BUZZES, CLICKS and shorts from summer rains and winter snow and sleet when using an F & H Capacity Aerial Eliminator. Anyone can connect it in a moment's time to the radio set—occupies only 1½ inch by 4 inch space behind the set, yet enables your radio to operate without an aerial and tune in stations over the entire broadcast band frequencies.

ELIMINATE THE AERIAL FOR GOOD

Attach this unit to your radio—make your set complete in itself—forget aerial wires and troubles—move your set anywhere—no more roof climbing, unsightly lead-in or aerial wires.

NOT NEW—VALUE ALREADY PROVED

On the market five years, 100,000 customers in U. S. and foreign countries. In use from the Arctic Region of Norway to the Tropics of Africa. Each factory tested on actual long distance reception. Cannot harm set—Easily connected to any radio, including radios having no ground or radios for doublet aerial. Note: It will not operate on battery or automobile radios.
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NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....

They Called Him Spike

(Continued from page 53)

coneyac by now. If it tastes like this other stuff does, we'll know the authorities have been putting some kind of bleach in the liquor to discourage a guy from drinking it!"

"Da troub' with this," interrupted Corporal Ambrosio, "is that we gotta man what thinks he can spik French. Before, we just drank what the 'girl brought. Gooda stuff, too!"

ANOTHER mug who was with us looked around and saw some kind of drink some French soldiers were having at another plank. It was a long milky looking thing, but it seemed to be having an effect on them. They had been singing, which is a good sign. When they went away, they leaned against each other like the rifles in a stack.

"Bring us some of that!" I ordered, pointing to what the French soldiers had had. It tasted like paregoric. So after that we just gave up and began to drink coneyac.

Corporal Ambrosio was the first casualty. He let out a whoop, all of a sudden, and began knocking our round hats off.

"GAS!" he roars at the top of his lungs.

That was a dread word at La Courtine, account of Spike Hennessy's sneaking up on people like he did through the woods and yelling it at them. A lot of the boys were a little bit on edge by that time, and there was great scurrying around. Ever see ants come out of a hole when you thump the ground around it? The officers boiled out of that hotel like bees.

"Who yelled that?"

The soldiers that had been trying to find gas masks when they hadn't any weren't any help either. The consensus of aroused public opinion was that we were to get the capital H out of there. Any yelling of gas during a Saturday afternoon was forbidden. Some thoughtless person poked Ambrosio in the nose, and knocked him cold. Then Rodenhiser passed out from excitement—not from drink, you understand, just excitement—and we decided it was time to be going. The M. P.'s were gathering, too, trying to decide whether to pinch somebody or not. Yeh, it was time to be going. We couldn't leave Rodenhiser, because he was our host, so we dragged him to his feet and started off. I had some kind of crook in my back, so that when I wanted to go forward my feet went sideward. Funniest sensation. We hadn't had anything to drink, either.

We got out of the yard and down the hill, but there were so many soldiers down there, and M. P.'s, we thought maybe we'd better take a side road that went off across the fields. When we'd got the column straightened out and headed

that way, lo and behold, a Dodge sedan came around the corner. Spike's!

Lady, he came out of that door like a shell from a 75, never put on the brake or anything, just let her roll.

"Lemme see your dog tags!" said he. When he came to me, I didn't have any.

"Why didn't you salute?" barks Spike to me.

"Sir," said I, "I was helping this man that was ill."

"Humph!" says Spike. "Ill, he's sick! Hah! Doesn't taste so good now, does it? Been fighting, hey?" This to Ambrosio, who had a bloody snoot. "Drunk, disorderly, failing to salute. You men report to quarters under arrest. You, sergeant with no dog tag, wait right here. I'll fix you! What's your serial number?"

"Sir, I don't know."

"What's your name?"

"Nason, sir."

Spike's face went blank. "Not really?" he asked. Then he laughed heartily. Ambrosio and the others took heart and laughed, too. Spike turned and looked at them. Just looked. They didn't laugh any more. They staggered away out of there, holding Rodenhiser up, his toes making long marks in the dust behind him. Then Spike turned to me.

"How did this Turk in Clermont Ferrand get your dog tags?" asked Spike, very calmly.

"Sir, I don't know anything about it, but on the train up from Bordeaux a guy was going to carve some design on them and I let him have them and he went absent with them."

"Haha!" laughs Spike. "He got as far as Clermont. Some bar maid hit him over the head with a club because he didn't have money to pay for his drink, and then told the M. P.'s she did it to defend her honor. He had your tags on him. They wired here to say they had Sergeant Nason in the cooler, and would we try him or leave him to them. Regular non-coms get a lot of consideration." His face went hard as a rock. "Why didn't you report to Lieutenants Crandall and Hallet?" barks Spike.

"I don't know them, sir."

SEE, I could see a whole rank of colonels there, and the field beyond was beginning to start a majestic swing to the right.

"They asked to take you with them up to the front. Didn't you get the order? Hah? No! Down town getting ossified, of course. Aren't you the man that I ordered to stay in camp? The man that put his gas mask on like a night cap? Thought so. Why didn't you report? This your war, you think? You're going to run it as you please, huh?"

"Sir, I am a Regular. My regiment—

I didn't want to be a dog-robber—I'm a sergeant—"

"I'll fix that!" snaps Spike. "You're a private! Right now, savvy? Now go back to the hotel, get the officers' bags, and hop to the station with them. The train leaves in about an hour. Otherwise I'll turn you over to the military police and let them work out on you!"

That's all. I went and got the bags, feeling the way I did, and lugged them down the hill a mile to the station. Then I went back to barracks and made up my pack.

Well, I found out afterward, lady, that these two shavetails of Ordnance that had wanted me to be their dog-robber had gone to Spike and asked that I be ordered to go with them whether I wanted to or not, because they didn't want to plunge into the French army without having someone along that could order them some chow at least.

Someone has the bright thought, because of this rape case, that that would be a fine way to whisk me out of the way, and not have any trial and a lot of unfavorable publicity for the Knights of Democracy as represented by the A. E. F. A little further investigation showed that if anyone was raped in Clermont it was the Greek did it, and in any case, since I had reported at La Courtine at noon Wednesday, I couldn't have been in Clermont Wednesday night, even by airplane. Meanwhile the order had gone through, and what was one sergeant more or less?

THE two looeys were waiting at the station when I got there. I expected to die any minute. Every one of the many drinks I had taken had retired into a separate corner of my stomach, and glared at the other, like a bunch of strange soldiers. Then they began to gang up in turn and throw one another out.

The fat looy was wild. He thought I'd done it on purpose. When the train came in they got on, and I climbed into the baggage car and prayed for death.

Along in the night we had to change trains. It was at Bourges. The two looeys shook me awake and pointed out some French officer that was waving a paper at us and mumbling.

"He wants to know where you're going!" said I, pretty mad. I had a head on me like a drum.

"We're going to Soissons!" says the fat looy. "There we are to report to the commissaire de gare, and he's going to tell us where this battery is that we're to do duty with."

The French officer goes away, and comes back after a long time with another, both of them very solemn.

"Did the officers know," asks the new-

comer, "that they can't go to Soissons?"

"Why not?"

"Because the Germans captured it this morning!"

"Mon Doo! Well, I'll tell them."

I turned to the little looey and told him what the officer had said.

"Bah!" said the little looey. "You're drunk! Would I have orders to go to a place the Germans had captured? Which is the train?"

"There's a train for Troyes leaves at six in the morning. Change there for Château-Thierry. That's as far as you

can go. Maybe by the time you get there, you can't get that far."

"Bah!" said the little looey to me. "If I'd known what trouble you'd be, I'd have carried my own suitcase!"

The lady I was telling this to showed the first sign of interest.

"Tell me," said she, "how far did the looey go before he found he was wrong?"

"Until a German machine gun opened up on him; and me behind him with the two suitcases!"

"Oh, tell me about it!"

"Lady, I will. But it's got to wait."

Skoal, Legion!

(Continued from page 15)

Legionnaire Ernest Ahlstedt, an old Navy bandsman who once played under Sousa's baton, chimes in with his instrument. The Swedish national anthem and "The Star-Spangled Banner" are sung; also "America," the tune of which is known in Sweden, where it was appropriated from the English just as it was by us. "Dixie" and "Suwanee River" and of course "Hinky-Dinky" and other war songs follow. The Post even crashes through with a song of its own, sung in Swedish to a Swedish air, one stanza of which translates roughly:

Why should we worry?

That's a trouble you pack in the old kit bag.

And merrily we sing together

"The gang's all here,"

As in the Army days.

The war stories get started. Bellander may tell about the time the water detail of his outfit tapped a French tank car of *vin rouge*, and when riflemen were inspired to try to wing a German airplane whose pilot, annoyed, signaled the Boche artillery to crack down. But the prize yarn is spun by Legionnaire Thure Dahlström, who is seventy-four years old and served twenty-one years in the United States Navy.

Dahlström passes over early days as master of a coasting schooner, his tour as Chief Quartermaster of the Presidential yacht *Mayflower* in the lively days of Teddy Roosevelt, and action against a U-boat in 1918. The Battle of Santiago in the Spanish-American War was a big moment. He was loader in a twelve-inch gun stern turret of the battleship *Iowa*, 11,000 tons, then the largest vessel in the United States Navy. With the American squadron she lay off Santiago bottling up the Spanish fleet. Sunday morning the American crews in their white were paraded on deck for divine services. Dahlström says the Spaniards irreverently planned on that time to steam out to battle and catch the foe unprepared, but they were a little late. The American tars rushed to their stations and cleared for action. In his turret Dahlström began shoving 850-pound

shells into the breach. Soon the Spanish ships were sinking, burning or beached. The *Iowa* was hit twice but none of her crew killed or wounded. Dahlström was the nearest to a casualty. After the action he was shut in the turret by mistake and, his whites black as coal, was forced to crawl out over the hot gun barrel, feeling like a cake on a griddle.

Besides comradeship and co-operation, Stockholm Post assigns itself other missions. For one, members are helping to spread in their native land the doctrines of preparedness they learned as World War veterans. Both before and after the war Sweden showed a strong trend toward pacifism. In the mid-twenties fine regiments four hundred and five hundred years old were mustered out. Traditions and *esprit de corps*, so important to any army, were sacrificed. Their battle flags and trophies were given to museums. Today, however, cuts have ceased and the military establishment is being built up. It is becoming more and more widely understood that merely proclaiming neutrality may not be enough; neutrality itself must be strongly defended.

And then Stockholm Post has to do considerable talking to inform fellow-countrymen on the achievements of the United States in the World War. They don't state that America won the war, but they do maintain that the A. E. F. fought hard and well and that it made a difference.

Several times during the war Sweden almost abandoned her neutrality and joined the Central Powers, chiefly because Russia, her hereditary enemy, was one of the Allies. Throughout the war German propaganda flooded Sweden. It sought first to prove America would never enter the war, and when we did, it broadcast assurances that our troops accomplished nothing of consequence. The impression made persists and takes some counteracting. For instance, Swedish officers, noting Bellander's steel helmet and gas mask in his arms collection, have asked curiously if he ever really (Continued on page 56)

New York



National Convention MOTION PICTURES



35 mm. in Sound

By special arrangements between National Headquarters and Universal Pictures, Inc., standard size, 35 mm. sound motion pictures of the New York National Convention are available for public showing at local theatres, under the auspices of American Legion Posts.



The Picture

This special picture has been so expertly handled by Universal that it is short enough to be exhibited in connection with your local theatre's regular program, yet it is long enough to adequately portray this outstanding Legion National Convention. It captures and indelibly records in sound, the indescribable thrills and the high-lights of the record-breaking New York National Convention.



How to Secure It

The picture can be booked only direct from the thirty-one Universal Exchanges, located at strategic points throughout the country. All inquiries for play dates, rental charges, etc., should be mailed direct to the nearest Universal Exchange by your local theatre manager. Your Post should arrange with one of its local theatres to exhibit this splendid picture in its community.



A Plan for Your Post

First, confer with one of your local exhibitors, who will book the picture direct from the nearest Universal Exchange. Second, designate the night on which the picture is to be exhibited as "American Legion Night" and with the aid of local papers, radio stations, etc., give the event the widest possible publicity. The above average attendance which will prevail on American Legion Night will more than offset the nominal rental charge, which in most instances, local theatres will gladly pay for this splendid Legion production.

Appoint yourself a committee of one to see that your Post immediately avails itself of this opportunity to bring the high-lights and thrills of the New York National Convention to your city.

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
THE AMERICAN LEGION

777 North Meridian St., Indianapolis, Indiana

12 37M

Skoal, Legion!

(Continued from page 55)

needed them. A man who fought in the Argonne can argue strongly that such equipment came in handy. "We were greenhorns," he admits, "and we never knew the goose step. But we fought hard and never retreated." Then he shows the authenticated American casualty list, and his inquirers, to whom it is often news, are amazed. If any more evidence is needed, there are available today many German admissions that we were a worthy foe.

On the other hand, some of Sweden's war and post-war record is not so widely known across the Atlantic as it should be. Any sailor must admire the heroism of her merchant marine in mined and sub-

marine-infested water. The Swedish Red Cross was of much service in the exchange of war prisoners via the Baltic and in their repatriation when war ended. And that organization and the nation can be most proud of a deed of mercy to child victims of the war.

When peace was made, the Swedish Red Cross broadcast an appeal for the salvation of undernourished children of the war. Many Swedish families responded, opened their homes and took in starving children, especially from Austria and Germany. Twenty-one thousand were nursed back to health and happiness. Some of them still live in Sweden today, but most returned home and not long

ago invited and received a visit from their Swedish foster-parents as a token of gratitude.

So Sweden has ties today with Germany and Austria. Kind words passed between her and Russia on the occasion of the recent opening of a commercial air line. Her friendship with England is closer than ever. Common interests bind her to Norway and Denmark, with whom she fought bloody wars in the past, and to Finland, once a Swedish province. The current tercentenary celebration emphasizes the long-standing friendship between Swedes and the United States.

The more of such ties in the troubled world of today, the better.

Pilgrims—But Not Strangers

(Continued from page 13)

Washington pilgrims received a tumultuous welcome when they arrived at St. Lazare Station in Paris on Thursday evening, September 30th. General Pierre Vincensini, Secretary General of the French government's committee of welcome, and Georges Rivollet, Secretary General of the combined French veterans' societies, had met the party at Le Havre and traveled up with them. In the group with the Commander were Dr. William P. Ryan, Past Department Commander of Massachusetts, the Commander's secretary, Michael T. Kelleher, with their wives, and René Silz of Advertising Men's Post of New York City, who acted as interpreter throughout the Pilgrimage. Later, National Vice Commander Conley and Mrs. Conley, Chairman and Mrs. Collins and Director Ringley of the Pilgrimage Committee joined the party, which stayed at the Hotel Crillon on the Place de la Concorde, the famous hostelry at which President Wilson was a guest in 1910.

The following evening the National Commander was a guest in Pershing Hall at a meeting conducted by Paris Post, made an address, and listened to an interesting roll call of States. At this meeting Elbert Lee Dodds, Commander of the Department of France, and two other members of Paris Post were decorated with the French Legion of Honor. It was brought out that none of the five hundred members of Paris Post have given up their American citizenship.

In the dusk of early Saturday evening Commander Doherty led a parade of more than a thousand Legionnaires, Auxiliares and Sons of the Legion up the Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe. There in the presence of General Gouraud, Edwin C. Wilson, Counselor of the

American Embassy, representing Ambassador William C. Bullitt, who was in America, and delegations of the various sections of the Anciens Combattants bearing some sixty flags, the Commander laid a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier and rekindled the flame as the Banner of the Flame dipped over him.

Meanwhile the arriving Legion groups were finding some trouble in securing accommodations, and some of them had to pass their first night in Paris at Pershing Hall leaning across a counter on whose other side men using a battery of telephones sought to unsnarl a tangle in the arrangements.

Perhaps you read in your home town newspaper that complaints had been registered by members of the Pilgrimage about conditions in some of the Paris hotels to which they were assigned. There was criticism and in some cases the complaints were justified. But neither the French government nor people were to blame for the break-down. The government appropriated five million francs to provide lodging and food during a six-day period which began for the pilgrims the moment they arrived on French soil. The French war veterans (the Confédération Nationale des Anciens Combattants) supplemented this with a grant of two million francs. With this sum as a guarantee the government engaged a commercial travel agency to administer hospitality details.

It is true that the Paris Exposition had brought into the capital a great concourse of people from the provinces, that the fall of the franc in the world's money markets caused many foreigners to visit the City of Light, that last minute changes in sailing plans by some pilgrims

disarranged schedules to some extent, and that the exigencies of the motor bus situation on planned battlefield tours made necessary a certain rigidity of hotel arrangements—all these may be offered in palliation, but it is still true that bad management caused discomfort to many of the early pilgrims.

As soon as these things came to the knowledge of the French government it peremptorily ordered its agent to satisfy everybody who might make complaints. This was done, and the pilgrims were given the sort of treatment the government had intended they should have.

National Commander Doherty, guest with a numerous Legion company of the French government at a dinner the last night of his stay in Paris, taking cognizance of the complaints that had been made by some of the pilgrims and had been magnified through cabled dispatches to American newspapers, declared that France had been a gracious, friendly host to the Legion pilgrims. "I have no hesitancy in affirming that no nation could have been more friendly, more solicitous, more desirous of making our sojourn pleasurable, than France has been," he asserted. "The hospitality of France has been splendid, the welcome accorded us spontaneous and sincere and cordial. The French authorities, to whom we express ardent thanks, have done everything within their power to make us happy and to render our stay worthwhile and delightful. We are deeply grateful to officials and citizens of France."

Philip W. Collins, Chairman of the 1937 American Legion Foreign Pilgrimage Committee, and James P. Ringley, Director of the Pilgrimage, also declared that the French government and

people did more than could have been expected of them. The American Express Company, which arranged for the transporting of the pilgrims to Europe and for the steamship passage back to the United States, had nothing to do with the six-day hospitality period in France.

AT THE great luncheon in the sun-drenched Court of Honor of the Invalides on Tuesday, October 5th, Marshal Pétain, in addition to the high honor paid the National Commander, advanced John Thomas Taylor from chevalier to officer in the Legion of Honor, and made three other Legionnaires chevaliers—Vice-Commander Phil Conley, Paul H. Griffith, manager of the Legion's office in Washington, and Captain Mark M. Boatner, in charge of the Paris office of the American Battle Monuments Commission. Also on this occasion the National Commander accepted from Marshal Pétain a marble bust of General Pershing executed by George Conlon, American sculptor, which will be placed in National Headquarters at Indianapolis. There were speeches by the Marshal, General Comte Adelbert de Chambrun, lineal descendant of Lafayette, M. Albert Riviere, Minister of Pensions, and the National Commander.

The following day, which had been set apart for the dedication of the Lafayette-Pershing statues in Versailles, was cloudy, and just before the ceremonies started rain began falling and continued throughout. The great equestrian statues stand at the top of a hill and face each other across a main highway whose name on this occasion became permanently L'Avenue des Etats-Unis.

The President of France and Marshal Pétain, Cesar Campinchi, Minister of Marine representing Premier Camille Chautemps, and numerous other officials of the French nation as well as representatives of all the French veterans' organizations were present, and the Legion notables included National Commander Doherty, Vice-Commander Conley, National Treasurer John Ruddick, and Fred G. Fraser, Chef de Chemin de Fer of the Forty and Eight. Mrs. Malcolm Douglas, President of The American Legion Auxiliary, Mrs. Joseph H. Thompson, head of the Fidac Auxiliary, Mrs. Oscar W. Hahn and Mrs. S. Alford Blackburn, Past Presidents of the Legion Auxiliary, and Mrs. Gwendolyn Wiggin MacDowell, its Secretary, were also present.

Some six thousand people sat or stood during the impressive ceremonies, which were opened with music by the 24th French Infantry Band and the Miami Drum and Bugle Corps. Senator Henry-Haye, Mayor of Versailles, had had the happy thought of garbing some sixty Versailles musicians in the style of 1777 and they had secured musical instruments peculiar to that time and songs which were common when Benjamin

Franklin was asking Louis XVI's aid for the Thirteen Colonies struggling for independence. The musicians made a brave show in the pelting downpour, and at the close of the dedication proper, carried out their part of the program, the rain in the meantime having stopped.

The equestrian statue of Pershing, executed by Joachim Costa, French war veteran, will stand opposite a copy of the noted Louvre statue of Lafayette of which the late Paul Wayland Bartlett was the sculptor. At the exercises models of the statues, which are to be in bronze, were used.

Major René L'Hôpital, known to countless Legionnaires through his service as aide to Marshal Foch, and now secretary general of the committee charged with the erection of the two statues, introduced Mayor Henry-Haye, originator of the idea. Speaking not as a Senator or Mayor, Henry-Haye declared, "but as a man who had the great honor to be attached to the American Army from April, 1917 to the end of the war," he traced the French-American history involving Versailles, beginning with the treaty signed in 1777, continuing with the peace treaty of 1783, and that of 1919 ending the World War.

National Commander Doherty in a short address paid tribute to the valor of the French and of the American soldiers who served under General Pershing, "whose solicitude endeared his men to him and was responsible for that valor above and beyond duty," and to Lafayette, "whose devotion, loyalty and service America has always remembered."

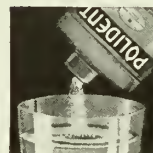
Marshal Pétain, after recounting the fact that the Allies had lost confidence of victory after thirty-three months of fighting, said that the American soldier responded magnificently to the demand of the times. In moving tones he continued:

"An untired young nation took its place beside the exhausted powers of the Western World. In contrast with the French soldiers, who by their heavy losses in men and the ruin of their material resources were frightened by the task still to be accomplished, the American soldier brought invincible confidence in ultimate victory . . . It is to the eternal credit of General Pershing that he knew how to create such a soldier and with him such an army."

General Pershing, obviously profoundly touched by the generous words of the Marshal and by the reception accorded him, referred to Pétain as "the greatest living soldier" and said that when America came into the war France and its Allies had been holding the line for three years. Paying tribute to the fine spirit of the French army, which reflected that of its commander, Pétain, he went on to praise Marshal Foch, allied generalissimo, and a number of other French military leaders, living and dead. Thanking (Continued on page 58)



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Pilgrims—But Not Strangers

(Continued from page 57)

the French government, the city of Versailles and its mayor "for having chosen me to represent alongside of Lafayette the bonds that unite our two countries," he continued: "It would be false modesty to intimate that I am not profoundly grateful for this honor. But I do not forget and no one else will forget that this statue is a symbol. And if I deserve the distinction I owe it to the valor of the American soldiers who enabled me to carry to a successful conclusion the work assigned to me by President Wilson."

Ambassador Bullitt spoke from Washington, expressing the hope that the spirit of friendship uniting France and America might extend to all the peoples of the earth. At the conclusion of this address Commander Doherty and Alain de Vergennes, great grandson of Comte Charles de Vergennes, a signer of the Treaty of Alliance of 1777, together pulled the American flag to the top of the pole standing before the Lafayette statue.

By this time the rain had stopped and the formal exercises being over, French infantry and cavalry did a march past, and the Versailles musicians did their stuff. Then, forming a parade behind the Miami Drum Corps, the fifteen hundred Legionnaires present started down toward the city of Versailles. Not in any particular cadence but at route step the men, women and children marched along, with shouts of "Vive l'Amérique!" answering their cries of "Vive la France!" Under a huge sign which proclaimed, "Versailles welcomes you, dear friends," the marchers went through winding streets to the Rue de l'Indépendance Américaine, where the 1777 treaty was signed. There the marchers paused briefly, then continued on to the Gasser Riding School, where at long tables waiters in costumes of the eighteenth century gave them their fill of champagne. And so back to Paris.

The following day the pilgrims traveled some sixty-two miles by automobile and bus to Château-Thierry to take part in the unveiling on the nearby Hill 204 of the Aisne-Marne Memorial, the last to be dedicated of the splendid memorials raised abroad by the Battle Monuments Commission under General Pershing's chairmanship. Present was a distinguished company that included, in addition to General Pershing and National Commander Doherty, Past Commander Colmery, Generals Harbord, Charles G. Dawes, Henry J. Reilly and Frank Parker. To Harbord, Reilly and Parker the exercises were of more than ordinary interest, for all of them participated in the Aisne-Marne fighting and the terrain adjacent to the memorial was thoroughly familiar to them. All five National Vice Commanders of the Legion

who finished their terms with the New York convention were present—Cappy Capodice, Jack Crowley, J. Fred Johnston, Leonard Sisk and Leo Temmey. The distaff side of the great Legion family was, as at Versailles, ably represented, although Mrs. Douglas had in the meantime a touch of ptomaine poisoning and underwent treatment for some days in the American Hospital at Paris.

In the enclosed space directly before the rostrum chairs had been placed for the French and American mutilés, and one noted in the front row Bill Miller, Past Commander of the Department of Connecticut, who lost both legs in service, and a couple of rows back Cappy Capodice, who lost a leg within a mile of the spot where the exercises were being held, while serving with the Fifth Marines of the Second Division. Of the 1500 members of the Legion party at the dedication probably few were as profoundly moved as Cappy and Past Department Commander Ryan of Massachusetts, who as a First Division surgeon performed countless operations during the fighting that swirled around this sector.

General Pershing had made the happy choice of General Harbord, who commanded the Marine Brigade of the Second Division in the fighting at nearby Belleau Wood and the entire Division in the subsequent operations at Soissons, as the orator of the day. In his address the general spoke with the authority of one who had had a leading part in the stirring scenes enacted there. General Pershing welcomed the French and Americans in a brief talk and introduced the National Commander as the presiding officer. Besides General Harbord, Past National Commander Colmery, Georges Rivollet of the Anciens Combattants, General Lheritier of the French army, also a veteran of the fighting in this vicinity, and M. Latour, Prefect of the Department of the Aisne, gave addresses. Past National Chaplain Bryan H. Keathley offered the dedicatory prayer.

The monument, an impressive marble pile nearly sixty feet high and twice as wide, stands at the top of Hill 204. It dominates the town of Château-Thierry, a mile and a half away. Set in a park, its fluted columns are background for the figure of a huge American eagle, beneath which are carved the words, "Time will not dim the glory of their deeds," while a large map and the names of places thereabouts in which American soldiers did memorable deeds of valor are also carved. On the side of the monument where the dedicatory exercises were held the center motif consists of two figures, representing the United States and France, with hands clasped. The architect was Paul Philippe Cret, of Philadelphia, who served with the French

forces in the war and who is now an American citizen.

General Harbord traced in vivid words the movements of the 310,000 American troops who had a part in the fighting in this sector, 60,000 of whom became casualties, from the end of May to the beginning of the July 18th offensive and the gruelling struggle that followed.

He went on: "The stopping of the Germans at Château-Thierry and on the great Paris-Metz highway gave the opportunity for the later fighting near Soissons which is now generally recognized as the turning point in the World War. It was practically continuous, with fighting leading up to the operations of the 18th and 19th, which flattened out the salient along the old Aisne line between Soissons and Rheims. After that the Germans never again went forward. As a brilliant British historian has said: 'Four months earlier Ludendorff had stood as the apparent dictator of Europe; four months later he and his master were in exile.'

"Chancellor von Hertling just a little while before his death made perhaps his final reference to the war in saying: 'On the 18th even the most optimistic among us understood that all was lost. The History of the World was played out in three days.'"

Past National Commander Colmery also dwelt on the phases of the fighting in this vicinity and recalled that 8,312 Americans lie in the nearby cemeteries of Belleau Wood and Fere-en-Tardenois. He went on: "Here the people of the United States have erected this monument as a permanent reminder of the last grim twilight of the war and the final victory . . . Their task is done. Ours remains before us. The little remains to challenge us, these twin rows of majestic columns

and the row on row of white crosses stand mute yet eloquently articulate in their silence."

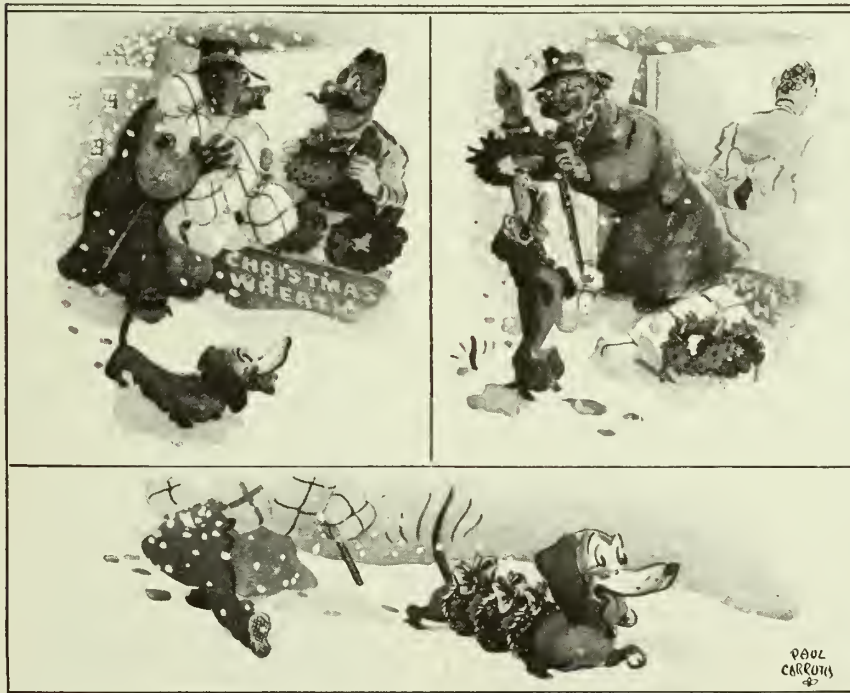
Following the exercises the pilgrims were entertained at luncheon at Château-Thierry and at Meaux, and visited the American cemetery at Belleau Wood.

As the closing ceremony of the Pilgrimage, Albert Riviere, Minister of Pensions, through whom the French government had issued the invitation to the Legion, was host at a brilliant dinner in the Hotel du Palais d'Orsay on Friday evening, October 8th. M. Riviere and Commander Doherty were the only speakers. The bond of Franco-American friendship was the theme of both addresses and Commander Doherty in addition bespoke for the entire body of pilgrims their grateful appreciation of what the French government and people had done to make the stay in France a pleasant one.

AND so the pilgrimage ended officially, but it was only beginning for some groups of late arrivals. I have had to ignore any number of important little details in this crowded summary of what went on, but room must be found to say a few words about the two Legion Posts in Paris and the activities they carried on during the stay of the pilgrims.

Pershing Hall on the Rue Pierre Charron, where Paris Post has its home, was open twenty-four hours a day throughout the period of the pilgrimage and there men, women and children of the Legion flocked to sign the register, buy souvenirs, partake of real American cooking, or to effect a change in hotel accommodations. Commander Dodds of the Department of France and James L. McCann, National Executive Committeeman, worked (Continued on page 60)

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FINANCIAL STATEMENT September 30, 1937

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit	\$ 339,692.35
Notes and Accounts Receivable	71,008.04
Inventories	134,666.47
Invested funds	1,558,008.56
Permanent Investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	194,670.20
Office Building, Washington, D. C., less Depreciation	127,264.30
Furniture, Fixtures and Equipment	53,168.33
Deferred Charges	21,953.40
	\$2,480,431.65

Liabilities, Deferred Income and Net Worth

Current Liabilities	\$ 93,525.96
Funds restricted as to use	26,833.81
Deferred Income	221,650.90
Permanent Trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	194,670.20
Net Worth:	
Restricted Capital	1,558,081.33
Unrestricted Capital	385,669.45
	\$2,480,431.65

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

Pilgrims—But Not Strangers

(Continued from page 59)

indefatigably to get things right and keep them right, and Paris Post Commander Bernhard Ragner and members of that Post and its Auxiliary were on duty day and night. And though its work for the Pilgrimage was not so conspicuous, Myron T. Herrick Post, also of Paris, under the able leadership of Commander Carl Berlin also did a splendid job.

The French government had generously invited three hundred members of the Legion residing in Europe to partake of the hospitality accorded the overseas Pilgrims, and Legionnaires were on hand from various parts of France, and from London, Edinburgh, Brussels, Stockholm, Rome and Athens—two hundred of them altogether. With the sale of souvenirs and through the profits of the restaurant during the three-weeks period covering the pilgrimage, Paris Post hopes to balance its budget during the coming year. Though it is a flourishing Post of 500 members, with a splendid Auxiliary unit helping it in its work, the job of running Pershing Hall has not been easy. There is hope that the financial difficulties that have beset the operation of this "second American embassy" in Paris will within a short time be a thing of the past.

The Eighteenth Annual Congress of Fidac, held in Paris at the close of the Pilgrimage, adopted a resolution looking to the cementing of friendly relations between all the nations associated in the victory over the Central Powers in 1918 and a second resolution providing for friendly co-operation and support for ex-enemy veteran organizations in any efforts which they make looking to world peace.

General Romain Gorecki of Poland was named President of Fidac and Nathaniel Spear, Jr., of Pittsburgh American Vice-President. Mrs. S. Alford Blackburn, Past President of the Legion Auxiliary, was re-elected American Vice-President of Fidac Auxiliary.

THE National Commander's Tour, which began with the departure of the party of about one hundred from the Gare du Nord Station in the late afternoon of October 9th, traveled to Boulogne by train and landed at Folkestone, England, where a delegation of the British Legion gave them a rousing welcome. During a three-day round of activities in London they marched to the Cenotaph in Whitehall, where the National Commander laid a wreath, and thence to Westminster Abbey, where Mrs. Doherty placed a wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, were received by the King and the Queen, who shook hands with all of the delegation and chatted with them afterward, and were enter-

tained by the government at a dinner at Claridge's Hotel. In addition there was a visit to Oxford, a reception by the Lord Mayor and a tour of the Houses of Parliament, after which the party were guests at a tea in Westminster Hall, the most ancient building in London, within whose walls Charles the First had the trial which cost him his head.

Anthony Eden, Foreign Minister, and the Opposition Leader, C. R. Attlee, both ex-service men, gave addresses of welcome, and Commander Doherty responded.

The National Commander, declaring in his brief address that the three days in London had been packed full with momentous events which had made an impression on the members of the Tour that would be lasting, referred to their reception by the King and Queen, whom he called "the first lady of your great empire," and added, "We witnessed the very essence of democracy in the hospitality shown us at the palace."

Continuing, he said: "No man in recent British history has had a greater interest for us than the Foreign Secretary, who has just addressed us. These are troublous times; world history has been in the making at a faster pace than ever before, almost too fast for the human mind to grasp. A great responsibility has devolved upon a comparatively young figure in this great empire. Through the wisdom of his counsel and the sanity of his judgment he has charted a delicate but safe course in human events so that the prestige as well as the integrity of the empire has been preserved."

From London the Tour continued to Brussels, Strasbourg, Lucerne, Milan, Venice, Rome and Naples, from which port most of the party sailed for America. The National Commander headed a small group which returned to France, where a tour that included the battlefields of Verdun, St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne was made. At Exermont



the Commander saw the place where George A. Campbell, for whom the Legion Post in his home town of Woburn, Massachusetts, is named, was killed.

Captain Campbell's body has never been found. The National Commander's party sailed on the *Queen Mary*, arriving in New York on November 1st.

Weather Permitting

(Continued from page 23)

of bad luck. Everybody remembers how the rain pelted fighters and spectators when Tunney took the title from Dempsey in 1926 at Philadelphia. More recently the Joe Louis-Tommy Farr championship heavyweight bout was postponed because of rain, and when it was scheduled a few days later the promoters almost put the bout on a couple of hours ahead of the normal starting time because they were afraid of another downpour.

The five-hundred-mile automobile race on the Speedway at Indianapolis is one of the classics of American sport. Instituted in 1911, it has been run every year since, except for 1917 and 1918. The weather has generally been good. In 1916, when Memorial Day fell on a Sunday the race was scheduled for the day before, but the rain came down and the promoters postponed the race to Monday, which turned out to be a sunny day. One year the opening of the race had to be postponed two hours and another year the rain became so tough an obstacle that the race was shortened to 300 miles. That's a good weather record for twenty-five years of racing.

The new Vanderbilt Cup races on Long Island were to have been held last July 3d, a Saturday. While the cars were at the starting mark the rain came down in sheets and the event was postponed to Monday, when the attendance was three times what it had been on Saturday. If the promoters had known about that they would certainly have prayed for that rain.

Few sports followers appreciate how great a part the weather played in the winning of the Davis Cup this past summer by the United States. The chief contender with the American team was the Australian side, which had exactly the same make-up with which they had beaten America three matches to two in the spring of 1936. Vivian McGrath, holder of the singles title of Australia,

was left behind in a Mexico City hospital, a victim of the climate, when the team journeyed north after eliminating the Mexican team. At Forest Hills he was able to play only once, in doubles, and his loss was one of the deciding factors in the victory of the American team, which went on to win the Davis Cup abroad.

The weather has been responsible for the invention of several games that are popular in this country today. During the early part of the century two men near New York were dressed and ready for a game of tennis. As they started to take the court, rain fell. The heavens gave no sign of lightening up, so they repaired to the barn to knock the ball about and get some exercise. They chalked out a court on the floor, hit the ball against the wall, and began to play. The ball came back to them so fast, and the game was so rapid, that during the winter, when play outdoors was impossible, they repaired again and again to that barn for this game of indoor tennis against a wall. From that start was born the game of squash tennis with regulation courts, rules, and tournaments.

In much the same way softball came into existence. In 1936, over 70,000,000 persons witnessed softball league games. Yet softball is only in its third season as an organized sport. This game, like squash tennis, owes its existence to the weather. One rainy afternoon back in 1888, several men were fooling around the old Farragut Boat Club in Chicago. One of them, a man named George Hancock, suggested a game of baseball indoors, using a broomstick for a bat and a boxing glove for a ball. It was good fun and they tried it again and again. Within a few years the game caught on and was widely played. By 1932 this outdoor game had become so popular that a country-wide Amateur Softball League was organized. The sport has its World Series, which last year drew an attendance of over 160,000.

LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

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Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.

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Killing the Night Hazard

(Continued from page 31)

the building have been improved by planting trees and shrubbery; a picnic ground has been provided with a fire-place and benches, and a parking lot for the convenience of members and guests set apart. The unoccupied section of the land owned by the Post will be developed into a public playground.

Hail, Queen Silvia!

THE great annual event of the Allegheny highlands is the Mountain State Forest Festival, held each year at Elkins, West Virginia, a city nestled down between high peaks in the mountains. The festival is held the first week in October, timed to take place just when the fall colors are the brightest, just after Jack Frost has waved his magic wand over hill and valley. On the mountain side great splashes of red from pin oaks, the deep yellow of maples and the crimson of dogwood furnish a background for the city, which is decked in autumn colors. Great throngs are attracted to this Forest Festival—this year the attendance ran well over one hundred thousand.

The festival, after a season of pageantry, competitions and exhibitions of woodcraft, is culminated by the crowning of Queen Silvia by the Governor of West Virginia, and the great parade led by the Queen and her maids of honor. At the recent festival the crown was placed on the head of Queen Silvia VIII by Governor Homer A. Holt, Legionnaire, who succeeded Legionnaire H. G. Kump, who had crowned the four previous queens.

The events at the festival, which has attracted nation-wide attention, are many and varied, but always include a horse show, wood chopping and other feats of skill and strength, a shooting match by old timers, using the old muzzle-loader mountain rifle; fly casting,

competitions between musical organizations, and an exhibition of the good old medieval sport of tilting, a custom which has been preserved in the Allegheny highlands and the Potomac valley. The tilting tournaments are carried out with all the courtesy and tradition of the knights of the middle ages, with but slight changes in the sport. However, no longer does the knight ride against his opponent to unseat him with a lance, but hurtles down a course spearing tiny rings, all for his lady's favor and the privilege of crowning her Queen of Love and Beauty. The sport calls for feats of horsemanship equal to any in the more modern rodeo.

While the forest festival is a civic enterprise with many agencies co-operating, H. W. Daniels Post of the Legion at Elkins has a very prominent part each year. Legion posts from neighboring Departments send their best musical organizations to take part in the competitions and to march in the parade. H. W. Daniels Post, writes Adjutant R. C. Hall, has full charge of all concessions during festival week and it is from this source funds are provided to carry on a very broad child welfare and rehabilitation program. The Post also is charged with the duty of marshaling the parade, while individual members serve on the several committees.

The Navy Wins a Flag

NAVY Post of St. Louis, Missouri, won another flag when its soft ball team won its second straight city championship in the St. Louis American Legion Soft Ball League. Other posts competing with strong teams were Postal Service Post; Atwell T. Lincoln Post; Central Memorial Post; U. S. Marine Corps Post; Aubuchon-Dennison Post; Walnut Park Post; St. Louis Post; 138th Infan-

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try Post; South St. Louis Memorial Post, and Alex R. Skinker Post. The Navy boys played through the series with the loss of but one game, and that to Central Memorial.

Lee Pappe, manager of the winning Navy Post team, has announced that he will put a team in the field next year that will make a perfect score. He is an old semi-pro baseball player with a long record; Captain Charlie La Barge played soccer before the World War and during his service was a member of the champion Great Lakes team; Henry Costa,

outfielder, was once a professional wrestler. The Navy Post team has others who have professional or semi-professional records, who expect to play soft ball for many years to come.

The men who make up the two-year championship team are Lee Pappe, manager; Charlie La Barge, captain; Elmer Chestnut, Kenneth Weber, Perry Jones, Robert Nichols, Henry Costa, Martin Holston, Elmer Schreiner, Edgar Reitz, Ed Fremont, Harry Jost, Frank Mertz and Jess Thompson.

BOYD B. STUTLER

An Echo from the Argonne

(Continued from page 34)

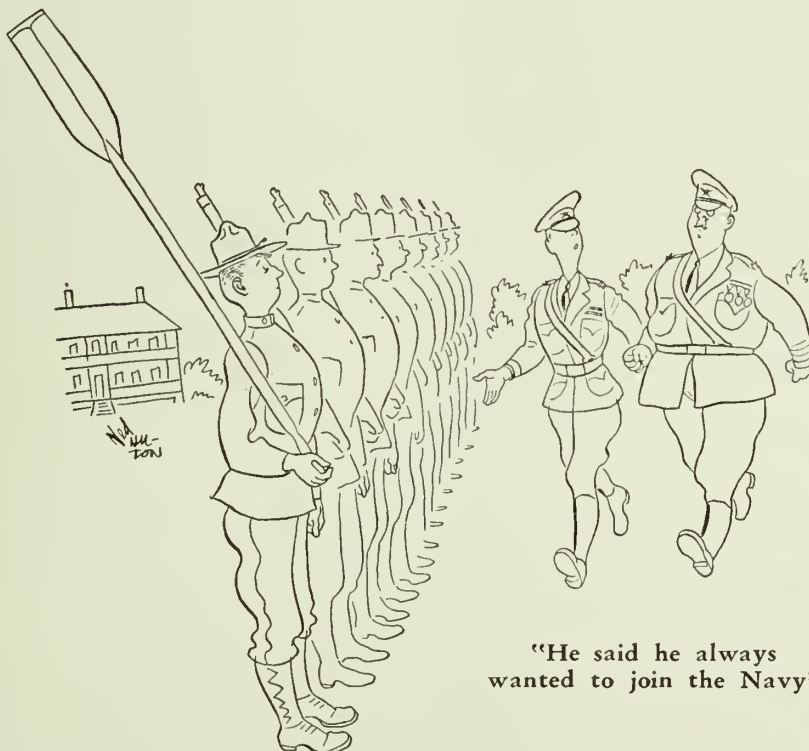
"The 11th Cavalry occupied the Fort at the start of the war, but was moved out of the fort proper into wooden barracks. The canteen and post theater were originally owned by the entire regiment but on the transfer of part of the 11th to Fort Myer, Virginia, all stock was purchased by Troops E, F, G and H, and those four troops were the beneficiaries of the profits at the time the picture was made.

"If there was a feature to any canteen, the feature of this one was a long bar. It ran about half the length of the building and ordinarily required the services of six or seven attendants to dish out ice cream, our own southern drink (to mention which would be advertising Coca Cola), and the nearest approach to a hard drink that could be had—Reif's Special—a near beer, very near to having no alcoholic content at all. In the center was a horseshoe-shaped lunch counter,

where actually you could get fairly decent food—for a price. In the rear was a large pool room, some eight or ten tables.

"The canteen was managed by Sergeant Pat J. Baxley (I believe a brother-in-law of William G. McAdoo), and the Canteen Officer for some time was 1st Lieutenant Frederick H. Vandegrift. 'Vandy'—and I believe his home is in Kansas City—could give you a complete story."

EX-GOBS—especially those who knew Great Lakes Naval Training Station—attention! One of the landmarks of the Station is missing—at least so Legionnaire C. A. Ralston of 643 North Baxter Street, Lima, Ohio, reports to us—and since this landmark was six feet, six inches tall, we figure that maybe some of you can help in the search. As exhibit A, we show on page 34 the tower of humanity posed with his (Continued on page 64)



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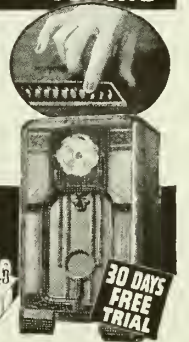
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An Echo from the Argonne

(Continued from page 63)



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half-pint shipmate who is now instigating this search.

Here is Comrade Ralston's yarn:

"To many ex-gobs, ship jumpers and so on, the accompanying picture will recall memories of training camp days at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station during 1917 and 1918. It shows Charles A. Butler, chief master at arms, who stood six feet and six inches and bore a weight of 325 pounds, and your correspondent, chief electrician, who towered all of five feet, no inches, and weighed 120 pounds.

"We two were attached to the outgoing detention camps, Camp Ross and Camp Luce, and accompanied outgoing drafts to the naval stations and bases on both coasts. Because of the vast difference in our heights, we were also familiar figures around the entire Training Station."

Bill went on to say that he hasn't seen his big friend, Ralston, since the days of service, although he tried to find him at the Legion National Convention in Detroit in 1931. He did meet scores of other former shipmates and would like very much to hear from Ralston and other men he knew.

SURVIVORS of the National Convention of the Legion in New York City in September are asked to lend an ear to this plea from James E. McGuire, Correspondant of Voiture d'Illinois of the 40 and 8, who lives in Spring Valley, Illinois:

"While a delegate to the National Convention in New York I had the very bad misfortune of losing my Purple Heart medal. Before making application to the War Department for a duplicate I thought it would not hurt any if you asked the Legionnaires through our Magazine if any one may have found it.

"My name, James McGuire, is engraved on the back of the medal. I hope I'll get some good news soon."

THE National Association of American Balloon Corps Veterans has maintained its record, established in 1934, of being the first veterans' organization to report its annual National Convention reunion. Just before the November issue went to press, the balloon veterans slipped in with a notice that it was following the Legion to Los Angeles next year. The dates of the 1938 National Convention will be published in the next issue of the Magazine. No doubt many other outfits will likewise meet again in conjunction with the Legion's 1938 convention. The 305th Supply Company, Q. M. C., has also lined up.

Details of the following outfit reunions and other activities may be obtained from the Legionnaires whose names are listed:

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion in Los Angeles, Calif., in conjunction with Legion 1938 National Convention. Richard D. Bowman, personnel officer, 44 Boone st., Glenolden, Pa.

305TH SUPPLY CO., Q. M. C.—Former members who trained at Madison Barracks, N. Y., contact your ex-right guide, L. Schank, care of Collector of Internal Revenue, 939 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif., concerning reunion to be held there during the 1938 Legion National Convention.

2nd Div. Assoc., A. E. F.—All Star and Indian Head vets invited to attend 20th anniversary convention, La Salle Hotel, Chicago, Ill., July 14-16, 1938. George V. Gordon, chmn., conv. committee, 5814 Winthrop av., Chicago.

27TH DIV. ASSOC.—A special effort is being made to develop an up-to-date roster of 27th Div. veterans. Send name, address, business, grades and units to John F. O'Ryan, 120 Broadway, New York City.

Soc. of 28TH DIV., A. E. F.—Effort is being made to list all 28th Div. veterans. It is requested that all men who at any time served in the Division, A. E. F., send their names, addresses, grades and units to Harry J. Ritter, secy-treas., Soc. of the 28th Div., A. E. F., care of Natl. Headquarters, Senate Hotel, Harrisburg, Pa.

RAINBOW (42nd) Div. Vets.—National reunion, St. Paul, Minn., July 12-14, 1938. National publication, *Rainbow Reveille*, mailed free to all known Rainbow vets. Write Sharon C. Covich, natl. secy., 4645 Nottingham rd., Detroit, Mich.

WAR Soc. of 89TH DIV.—Reorganization. All veterans are requested to send names, addresses, outfits, etc., to Charles S. Stevenson, secy., 2505 Grand, Kansas City, Mo. A large reunion at some central point in the Middle West is planned for the early fall of 1938. No membership dues; financial support is voluntary.

48TH U. S. INF.—Proposed regimental reunion, Newport News, Va., June, 1938, to include Med. Corps and Q. M. C. attached to regiment. Harry McBride, comdr., Drum Corps Club, 30th st. & Washington av., Newport News.

308TH INF. REGT.—Annual reunion dinner at Governor Clinton Hotel, 31st st. & 7th av., New York City, Sat., Feb. 5, 1938. L. C. Barrett, chmn., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

Co. B, 3rd OREGON and 162nd INF.—18th annual reunion and banquet, Portland, Ore., Mar. 5, 1938. R. E. McEnany, 2922 NE 36th av., Portland.

Co. 1, 140TH INF. A. E. F. CLUB.—Former members are requested to report to L. E. Wilson, pres., 5908 Park av., Kansas City, regarding 1938 reunion.

HAWAIIAN DIVISION.—Proposed 1938 reunion of all veterans, particularly those of 1st and 9th F. A. Harry I. Condon, 346 Claremont av., Jersey City, N. J.

301ST F. A., 76TH DIV. CAMP DEVENS and A. E. F.—Reunion and roundup at the New Roundup, 277 Huntington av., Boston, Mass., Mon. night, Nov. 29. Thomas L. Thistle, comdr., 30 State st., Boston.

302d F. A. Hq. Co. Assoc.—Annual reunion for 1938 at Capt. Claffin estate in Belmont, Mass. Send corrected addresses for more information. B. J. Donaher, 370 Quincy st., Dorchester, Mass.

313TH F. S. BN.—433 of the original 500 men of the battalion are signed up on the active roster. If you are one of the missing, report to Dr. Chas. L. Jones, secy., Gilmore City, Iowa.

VETS. of 13TH ENGRS. (RY.)—9th annual reunion, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, June 17-19, 1938. Hq. at Hotel Roosevelt. James A. Elliott, secy-treas., 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

25TH ENGRS.—Proposed reunions of vets in East, in St. Paul, Minn., and in Los Angeles, Calif. C. R. McCormick, 2346 N. 6th st., Harrisburg, Pa.

VETS. 31ST RY. ENGRS.—Annual reunion, Hot Springs, Ark., July 2-4, 1938. F. E. Love, secy-treas., 104½ First st., S. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

50TH AERO SQNRN.—Annual reunion, Washington, D. C., Sept. 3-6, 1938. J. Howard Hill, secy., 1206 First Central Tower, Akron, Ohio.

6TH ANTI-AIRCRAFT M. G. BN.—For proposed reunion, former officers send addresses to Geo. S. Minniss, 1701 City Hall, Buffalo, N. Y.

BASE HOSP., CAMP GRANT, ILL.—Former officers, nurses and men interested in reunion, write to Harold E. Groux, 841 W. Barry av., Chicago, Ill.

BASE HOSP. No. 45 VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, John Marshall Hotel, Richmond, Va., Sat. aft. and eve., Feb. 26, 1938. L. C. Bird, adjt., 915 E. Cary st., Richmond.

NATL. TUSCANIA SURVIVORS ASSOC.—20th anniversary reunion, Chicago, Ill., Feb. 5, 1938. Arnold Joerns, pres., Suite 2300, 333 N. Michigan av., Chicago, Ill.

CHEMICAL WARFARE SERVICE VETS. ASSOC.—Organized at Legion national convention in New York. All former CWS veterans, especially those who served in Chateaufort, France, are requested to report to George W. Nichols, Route 3, Box 75, Kingston, New York.

U. S. S. ILLINOIS WORLD WAR VETS. ASSOC.—First reunion held at Legion national convention in New York. All veterans of crew are invited to join. Write to John F. Handford, 31 E. Tulpehocken st., Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

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(left) One pound of Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—in an attractive Christmas gift package.

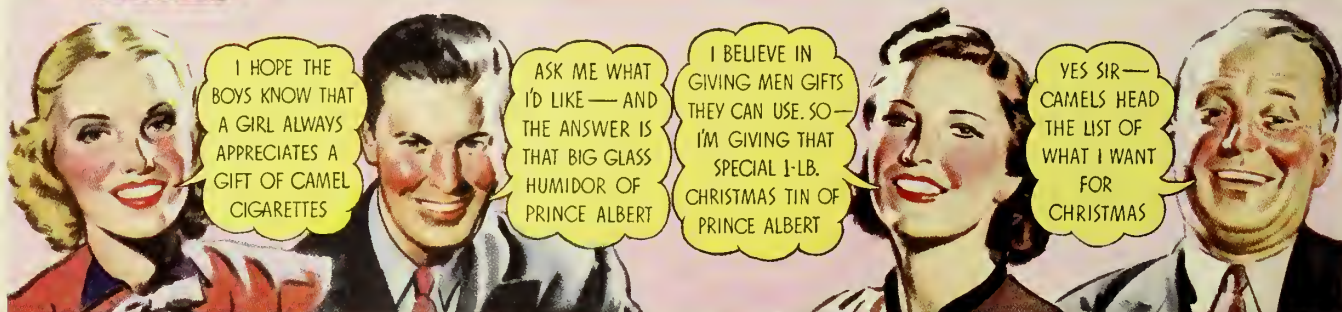


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